



THE
REPUBLIC
NEWPORT
1881

FRANK G. HARRIS

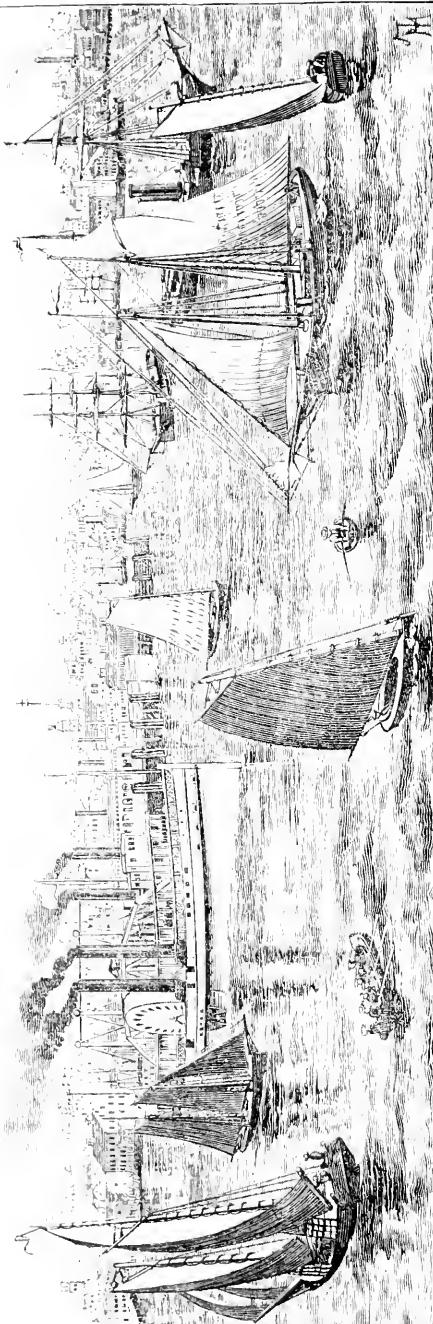


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NEWPORT FROM THE HARBOR.



HISTORY

OF THE

RE=UNION

OF THE

SONS AND DAUGHTERS

OF

NEWPORT, R. I.,

JULY 4th, 1884.

BY

FRANK G. HARRIS.

NEWPORT, R. I.:
DAVIS & PITMAN, PRINTERS.
1885.

TO ALL THOSE
WHO, WHETHER AT HOME OR ABROAD,
ASSISTED IN MAKING THE RE-UNION A SUCCESS,
THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION.

Ere the Re-Union day of '84 had been numbered with the past, many of the Sons and Daughters, who had come home to attend the celebration, realizing how delightful a success the occasion was, began to discuss the desirability of having its history written. Indeed at the reception held by the New York delegation, on the evening of the Fourth, formal action upon the subject was taken, a motion requesting the Secretary of the Re-Union Committee to undertake the task being passed with entire unanimity and pleasant cordiality. Then, too, not a few of the citizens of Newport joined in the request, and subsequently, on the evening of the fourth day of August, the Re-Union Committee adopted the following resolution :—

Resolved. That the Secretary of our Committee be, and he hereby is, earnestly requested to prepare for publication a history of the late Re-Union, for which undertaking he is admirably qualified.

These pleasant solicitations were supplemented by the following very cordial letter from the Mayor of the City :—

CITY OF NEWPORT, R. I., }
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, August 5, 1884. }

F. G. HARRIS, Esq., Secretary, etc.

My Dear Sir:—

By an official communication received from you to-day, I am reminded that the Committee, of which you were the efficient and pains-taking Secretary, has concluded its labors in connection with the Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport, held July 4th, 1884.

The Re-Union was such a success that it appears to me desirable its history should be written for preservation. I know of no one whose knowledge of the proceedings better qualifies him for this task than yourself.

The General Committee of Arrangements and also the several delegations of the returned Sons and Daughters have already expressed this opinion.

May I add my request to theirs, and ask you to render not only them, but the whole people of Newport, this pleasant, though arduous service?

It is with pleasure I ask this of you, and, knowing your large public spirit, I feel you will not refuse.

Very truly yours,

ROBT. S. FRANKLIN,
MAYOR.

If there was any hesitancy on my part in acceding a ready acquiescence to these very flattering requests, it was the result of a fear lest my friends had, in their kindness, over-estimated my ability to produce such a work as would do justice to the unparalleled event which called it forth; but then that little word *TRY*, so important in the life-career of Bruce, recurred more forcibly than ever before, and maintained a constant and inspiriting influence on my mind.

Thus encouraged, the task, attended as it has been with varied experiences, was begun, and an effort made to present as acceptable a version as possible of the delightful story of the second Re-Union of Newport's children, which, I am free to confess, has gained with me a more and more pleasing aspect, and a grander, deeper meaning, in the recollection of its many stirring incidents. To the account, herein given, has been added an interesting chapter, written by Mr. George C. Mason and entitled "A Retrospective Glance," which notes the changes wrought by time in the old homestead since the year '59, and is a valuable acquisition to the volume. The work being completed, it remains but to be said that if these pages shall prove to be useful in reviving pleasant memories of a glorious day, for those who participated in its enjoyment, then my reward will be great, and sufficient for all time.

F. G. H.

NEWPORT, R. I.

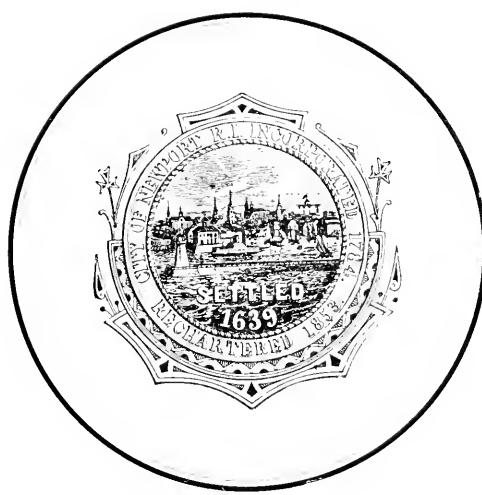
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1884.

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CHAPTER I.

FIRST THOUGHTS.

It is a grand old English custom as Christmas-tide approaches, for sons and daughters, from far and near, to seek the homestead and round again the family circle. So, when the pearly mistletoe berries begin to peep out amid the russet oak foliage, and bright red ones of the prickly holly gleam in the hedges, the prodigals turn their faces homewards for glad re-unions and Christmas festivities. Then thousands of weary toilers in the great metropolis crowd to suffocation London's immense stations, where whole communities, grouped together, await impatiently the moment when they shall again see the Yule logs brightly burning on the country hearths. There, too, come weary and embrowned travellers, from India's sunny clime and Canada's snowy wastes, to join in sympathetic greeting and thanksgiving: to see once more with moist eyes the familiar faces, and view again, with swelling hearts, "that spot where the definiteness of early memories is invrought with affection and kindly acquaintance with all neighbors." Deeply ingrained, all-pervading, hearty and general in expression is this love for home in the English speaking people: but here in America the cosmopolitan character of the inhabitants, the rush and hurry for food, position, and affluence, for the most part allow but little opportunity for the expression of a general kind of this innate affection, "that spreads not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blood." Yet glimpses of it, and yearnings for a heartfelt demonstration of this love of home, may be obtained on the national holidays, when old and young, freed temporarily from the corroding care and worry of business and household, again view that beloved spot in their native land, "whence they get the love of tender kinship for the face of earth, for the labors men go

forth to, for the sounds and accents that haunt and give that early home a familiar, unmistakable difference amidst the future widenings of knowledge."

Such a spot is Newport to thousands of American citizens throughout the world. Renowned, as she is, in song; famed in history; with a glorious past and a still more glorious future: beautiful and enchanting to strangers, she is still more so to her sons and daughters from this very halo of associations surrounding her, from these fragrant memories, and from this common yearning to be "rooted in some spot of a native life and in some spot of a native land."

With such a sentiment widely prevalent among her sons and daughters, is it any wonder, then, that steps should be taken to satisfy this deep longing?

And thus it came about that during the winter there appeared, in the local papers, several paragraphs encouraging the idea of a re-union of Newport's children.

It was well that the winter time was chosen for the first appearance in print of a suggestion relative to the proposition to have a renewal of the scenes and pleasures of '59, for, had it been delayed until the period when all Newport is busily engaged in making preparations for the season's harvest, or until the summer, which is the hey-day of the business man of this City, it would have made no more impression upon the mind than a flash of lightning—it would have been seen and almost instantly forgotten. But, coming as it did during the passing of the long and dreary months of Newport life, when the present affords but little opportunity for interesting converse, and compels one's thoughts and speech to turn to events that have passed into history or are promised for the future, the suggestion did not remain entirely disregarded, for, while no formal or concerted action was taken with a view to ascertaining what the public sentiment was respecting it, or what prospects there were of success, if any attempt was made to put the idea into practical shape, it became the topic of many and many a conversation between those who remembered, or participated in, the glories incident to the



ROGERS HIGH SCHOOL.

twenty-third day of August, 1859. Particularly was this the case during the first few weeks of the present year. But, like many another topic of local interest, the Re-Union spark, which had never been remarkable either for size or brilliancy, passed from view. Had it never been revived, it is quite certain that, however brief its existence had, apparently, been, it was entitled to a grateful remembrance for the pleasure it had given those who, having advanced to that stage of life's career which is best illustrated by "a sere and yellow leaf," had turned to that period in their existence when, in the prime of manhood, they had given freely of their time and their substance towards making the first great gathering of the natives the unquestioned success, which is emphasized in Mr. Mason's charming historical pages.

While it is true that the youth of to-day manifested some interest in the matter, it is equally a fact that the deep and abiding desire for a celebration was evinced far more by the aged, for they, having experienced the delights of the hand-grasping, and the welcoming home of the returning ones on the last occasion, were more than anxious for an opportunity to once again see the inpouring of Newport's absent Sons and Daughters, and to join hands with those who had remained by the native heath, in preparing a fitting welcome for these children, ere they, the older ones, passed to the Great Beyond. These venerable citizens knew that at least two-thirds of the companions of their youth who were present on that memorable day in '59, were

Not lost, but gone before.

and they realized that the time was approaching when they, too, would be summoned by Him who ordereth all things for good, to join the great and silent majority. These thoughts and these desires gave to the aged ones a peculiar pleasure which the younger element does not comprehend, and there need be little wonder that the citizens whose life's sands have nearly run out, longed for the greater pleasure that would come to them through a realization of their wishes in this particular.

It is a little singular that up to the time when matters took some definite form, no sort of opposition was manifested. No

one suggested that a re-union of Sons and Daughters, and Brothers and Sisters, was either undesirable or inexpedient. So far as the matter became a subject of conversation at all, it was universally conceded that the suggestion was a very happy one, and no time more appropriate than after a lapse of twenty-five years. But, whether it was that the wise ones were aware of the vast amount of time and labor that would be required to bring such an undertaking to a successful issue, or, that the inexperienced and more youthful citizens were not sufficiently imbued with sentiment, matters little—the subject was lost sight of for many weeks. Time and time again had the name of Miss Coe been mentioned as that of the lady who, in 1859, was largely instrumental in stirring up the citizens of Newport to a realizing sense of how pleasant a thing it would be to have a re-union of the absent ones, and not infrequently was the wish expressed that some equally enthusiastic individual might be found, who could, and who would, lead on to another such agreeable and glorious occasion. It is certain, however, that dormant though the matter remained in Newport, where of all other places in the world the most interest should have been manifested, it was not lost sight of by some of the children who had wandered afar off to seek those opportunities for advancement which their insular place of nativity does not afford. It has been learned that in many of the large centres, Newport boys got together to discuss the desirability of "going home" to what, to the vast majority of them, would be their first re-union. The result of these gatherings was that several communications on the subject were addressed to the Mayor of this City, the Honorable Robert S. Franklin, who, it may here be remarked, lent generous aid to the undertaking from the time when he first brought the subject before the City Council, until the curtain had fallen upon the last act relating to it. These young men, aye, and the men of middle life as well as those of mature years, longed to return to the home of their childhood: they longed for an opportunity to look upon familiar scenes and faces. Many of them had never once

gazed upon their birth place since the day when parent and friend bade them God-speed as they went out from it in their search for employment and fortune in distant places. The desire of such as these to return was a hundred fold greater than that manifested by those who, residing within easy distances from their former home, had frequently availed themselves of the splendid facilities for New England travel to return occasionally and receive a cordial greeting from friends, and take cognizance of the fact that again Newport was becoming a place of great importance: that renewed prosperity had come to her, and that in all things relating to municipal government she was keeping pace with larger and more important business centres. These long absent Sons and Daughters had been experiencing a degree of curiosity which did not, from the very nature of things, find its way into the breasts of those who were enabled to make frequent homeward trips. They read in far-off newspapers of the magnificent drives that had been laid out, of the palatial residences that well nigh covered the Cliffs, of the gorgeous equipages that were to be seen, and of the thousand and one improvements that had been made within the City's borders. They had read of the enterprise of their fellow townsman, Mr. George H. Norman, who with his own capital had constructed the Water Works which have proved, even thus far, to be of great benefit to the community at large. As well had they been informed of the beauties of the Casino, which Mr. James Gordon Bennett had caused to be erected as a means of increasing the attractions of the little City-by-the-Sea in which he takes so deep an interest.

It is no wonder, then, that these Sons and Daughters longed for the time to come when, with those whom they had known in by-gone days, they might enjoy looking upon all these things, and realizing how much had been done towards giving their native City the desirable prominence she now enjoys.

And the time came when the opportunity they craved was afforded them.

CHAPTER II.

TAKING SHAPE.

Weeks went by, and, as has been seen, all thought of the proposed re-union had passed from the minds of those, who, in Newport, had, during the preceding weary months, considered the merits of the subject. But, nevertheless, the fact remained that the topic had been discussed. There was an advantage in that, for, whenever a new project is brought forward here, the dear, good, conservative people must do so much talking about it, or it will never go down. The way had been paved for action. The seed had been sown in the dreary winter: it was to take root in the Spring time. But the sapling was destined to encounter many a chilly blast, which threatened its very existence. Its proportions were to be scoffed at, while prognostication after prognostication was to be made that its life would not be of sufficient length to permit of the development of the much coveted fruit. Yet the undertaking was to have its protectors, also; it was to be carefully nurtured: it was to be labored for, and those labors were to receive generous encouragement—in fact it was destined to assume proportions that the most enthusiastic of its friends had scarcely dared hope for, and, finally, it was to yield such fruit as made every citizen of Newport proud of the day and the occasion.

It was not until the sixth day of May that the matter took practical form, and then it was made the subject of a communication from the Mayor to the City Council, a copy of which is given herewith:—

CITY OF NEWPORT, R. I., }
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, May 6, 1884. }

Gentlemen of the City Council:—

I have lately received several communications from gentlemen living in New York City, who were born in Newport, saying they had

informally discussed the feasibility of having a re-union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport, at some time during the present Summer, and asking the co-operation of the City Council in the matter. To these, I have replied that I would suggest the subject at the regular meeting of the City Council in May, and therefore present it at this time.

It is now twenty-five years since the first Re-Union was held. To make an affair of this kind a success, will require much time, labor, and expense. Should you feel favorably disposed to assist in carrying out their desire, it has been suggested that the Fourth of July would be an appropriate day for the occasion.

ROBERT S. FRANKLIN,
MAYOR.

This document was read and received in the usual way by both Boards, but, as it was unaccompanied by any resolution, it looked as if nothing further would be done with the subject. Towards the close of the session of the City Council, however, a citizen of Newport, who subsequently became the Secretary of the Re-Union Committee, had a conference with Alderman Cottrell, and, at the suggestion of that gentleman, wrote a skeleton resolution making an appropriation for the proposed undertaking. The all important document was handed to Captain John Waters, the representative of the Fourth Ward in the upper branch of the City Council, and, upon his motion, it was passed unanimously by the Board of Aldermen, an action in which the Common Council immediately concurred. The names of the Committee having been inserted by Mayor Franklin and President Barker, the resolution read as follows, namely :—

RESOLUTION OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

[Passed May 6, 1884.]

Resolved, That a Joint Special Committee, consisting of Aldermen Waters and Kaull, and Common Councilmen Stanhope, Wilbor and Green, be, and hereby are, appointed to make and carry out the arrangements for a re-union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport on July 4th next, and that the sum of eighteen hundred dollars is hereby appropriated for the purpose of defraying the expense of the proposed celebration.

On the 9th day of May, the Committee of the City Council, named in the foregoing resolution, met and organized, in part, by the election of Alderman Waters as Chairman. A very large measure of the success attending the Re-Union is due to this fact, for the Chairman worked with a degree of intelligence and enthusiasm that was most creditable to him and helpful to the Committee. At this meeting, Ex-Mayor Swinburne, who had been the Chief Marshal of the Re-Union of 1859, Mr. Frank G. Harris, and Mr. Henry W. Cozzens were invited to become members of the Committee, and they readily accepted the invitation, making known, then and there, the fact that the movement had their hearty sympathy and would receive their cordial support.

By this Committee of eight, then, it was determined to hold a public meeting in the Opera House, "in order," as the call subsequently stated, "to ascertain the wishes of our citizens, and to make such preliminary arrangements as may be suggested."

To this meeting were invited, also, a large number of sons of Newport in other cities, for the Committee desired to have an expression of opinion from representative men abroad as to the advisability of proceeding with the undertaking. None came, however, but several of them wrote very pleasant letters in which the heartiest co-operation was promised. Among the most interesting communications received were those of Mr. Robert S. Covell, of Boston, who wrote that "nothing but recent afflictions will prevent our joining with kind friends and relatives in dear old Newport on that occasion;" of Mr. W. G. Peckham, of New York, who said that, "the Newporters who knock around the world want very much to meet their old cronies in a crowd, and have an old fashioned Fourth of July together;" of Dr. W. T. Bull, of New York, who, while regretting his inability to attend the meeting, wrote, "but, so soon as your plans are formed, if there be any assistance that I can render, I shall be pleased to be at your service;" of Major Henry Bull, of Middletown, who stated to the Committee that, "my sympathies are fully in accord with

the measures you are to consider;" of Mr. Freeborn Coggeshall, of Providence, who made known the fact that he should co-operate heartily with the Committee in the great undertaking; of Mr. A. M. Cahoon, of New York, who expressed his sympathy with the movement; of Mr. Charles M. Bull, of New York, who indicated that such a re-union of old New- porters was to him a very pleasant idea and he hoped the Committee might be very successful in carrying out their programme; of Mr. Walter Nichols, of Brooklyn, who made a pleasant reference to the celebration of '59 and encouraged the undertaking of '84; of Mr. David H. Weeden, of Providence, whose letter was the forerunner of valuable assistance which he rendered the Committee, and of Mr. E. W. Gould, of New York, who wrote encouragingly saying he saw no reason why this year's Re-Union should not be more largely attended than the one of '59.

The meeting was held in the Opera House, which was kindly loaned by the Messrs. Bull, on the 16th of May, and the proceedings were enlivened with music furnished by the Newport Brass Band, the members very generously donating their services. Candor and truthfulness compel the recording of the fact that there was not a large attendance by any means, but, fortunately for the project, the audience included many of the very best citizens of the place, who were evidently actuated by the highest and best motives in being present.

The meeting was presided over by Ex-Governor Charles C. Van Zandt, who was very felicitously introduced by Alderman Waters, the Chairman of the Re-Union Committee. Governor Van Zandt was in a most happy mood, for the occasion was one to which, through the tender affection and deep interest he has at all times manifested for his native City, he could do complete justice. In his address he referred at some length to the success of the last Re-Union, and urged one and all to do everything in their power towards making the proposed celebration an equally pleasant one. The distinguished gentleman reminded his hearers that they were blest

as few other communities were, for their home, he said, was one of the loveliest that the sun shone upon, and endowed with attractions which made every native Newporter justly proud of the fact that he was born within the confines of this charming American seaside resort. They must take no backward step, he said, neither must they stand still, but it was their bounden duty—a duty they should look upon as a most agreeable one—to proceed with their Re-Union work, and once more extend to the far-off Sons and Daughters such a cordial invitation to return home as would be alike creditable to their best impulses and to the well known hospitality of Newport people.

The Honorable William P. Shetfield was the next speaker, and in the course of an able and exceedingly appropriate address, he paid a touching tribute to the City of his adoption. He spoke of the devotees of science, art, literature and divinity, with whose names the pages of Newport's history were emblazoned, and from his lips fell a prediction that the future of this City would be no less conspicuous than the record of her past. The speaker said he believed in the re-unions of communities as well as of families, for much good must come from such occasions if they were conducted as that of 1859 had been, and as it was proposed the coming one should be. The speech of the eminent citizen included a very delightful review of the prominent part which Newport had at all times taken in the advancement of civilization, and it was brought to a close by an expression of hearty sympathy with the movement they had been called together to discuss, and for the success of which he promised his earnest co-operation.

Mr. Lucius D. Davis spoke briefly for the adopted citizens of the place, pleasantly sketching the City's growth and her increased importance in all respects over the time when the last Re-Union was held. He heartily endorsed the proposition which was before the meeting, and wished it an abundant success.

Brief addresses were made by Ex-Mayor Swinburne, General Burdick, and Ex-Alderman Lewis Brown, and at their conclusion the chairman asked from the audience an

expression as to whether it was desirable to proceed with the preparations for a Re-Union. There was a very hearty affirmative response, but not a single negative sound was heard.

At the conclusion of the exercises in the Opera House, the Committee of the City Council met in the City Hall, and for some time were engaged in discussing what had best be done to promote and secure the success of the undertaking. The organization of the Committee was completed by the election of Mr. Frank G. Harris as Secretary. It was agreed on all hands that it would be advisable to invite a number of citizens to take part in all future proceedings incident to the proposed celebration, and with that end in view the following circular was sent to some forty or fifty well known residents:—

Newport, R. I., May 17, 1884.

Dear Sir:—

I have the honor to inform you that the Committee of the City Council, appointed to make arrangements for the proposed Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport, have requested me to invite you to become a member of a Citizens' Committee to assist them in the undertaking.

The Committee will meet in the Common Council Chamber, on Monday Evening, 19th inst., at 8 o'clock, when you are earnestly requested to be present, in order that a thorough working organization may be effected.

Yours, truly,

JOHN WATERS,

CHAIRMAN.

The meeting called for the evening of Monday, May 19th, was largely attended, and no difficulty was experienced by Aldermen Langley and Kaull, Councilman Greene, Ex-Mayor Swinburne, and Mr. Henry W. Cozzens, who were appointed to nominate persons to fill the various offices and form the several committees, in making wise and judicious selections. As completed upon the evening in question, the Re-Union organization was as follows:—

CHAIRMAN,

JOHN WATERS,

SECRETARY,

FRANK G. HARRIS,

TREASURER,

CHARLES T. HOPKINS,

CHIEF MARSHAL,

WILLIAM J. SWINBURNE,

EX-OFFICIO MEMBER OF ALL COMMITTEES,

ROBERT S. FRANKLIN, Mayor.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

HENRY W. COZZENS, *Chairman*; WILLIAM J. COZZENS, *Secretary*; GEORGE P. LAWTON, WILLIAM J. SWINBURNE, ALBERT C. LANDERS, FRANCIS STANHOPE, and WILLIAM A. PECKHAM.

COMMITTEE ON COLLATION.

STEPHEN P. SLOCUM, *Chairman*; WILLIAM A. PECKHAM, *Secretary*; WILLIAM O. GREENE, GEORGE P. LAWTON, THOMAS BURLINGHAM, JOHN G. WEAVER, JR., and HENRY F. BARNARD.

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING.

LEWIS BROWN, *Chairman*; FRANK G. HARRIS, *Secretary*; LUCIUS D. DAVIS, EDWARD NEWTON, JOHN P. SANBORN, and CHRISTOPHER M. LEE.

COMMITTEE ON ILLUMINATIONS.

FRANCIS STANHOPE, *Chairman*; HENRY W. COZZENS, *Secretary*; WILLIAM A. STEDMAN, ALBERT C. LANDERS, WILLIAM O. GREENE, and CHARLES H. BURDICK.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENT OF TENT.

JOHN WATERS, *Chairman*; DAVID S. CARR, *Secretary*; H. AUGUSTUS KAULL, JOHN G. WEAVER, JR., HENRY F. BARNARD, WILLIAM F. WILBOR, and CHARLES H. BURDICK.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC AND SALUTES.

HENRY E. TURNER, JR., *Chairman*; MELVILLE BULL, *Secretary*; JOHN WATERS, JOHN GILPIN, and ARNOLD L. BURDICK.

COMMITTEE ON THE PRESS.

JOHN GILPIN, *Chairman*; EDWARD W. HIGBEE, *Secretary*; LUCIUS D. DAVIS, FRANK G. HARRIS, JOHN P. SANBORN, THEOPHILUS T. PITMAN, FREDERICK M. HAMMETT, and BENJAMIN W. PEARCE.

COMMITTEE ON CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANK G. HARRIS, WILLIAM J. COZZENS, WILLIAM P. SHEFFIELD, JR., PATRICK J. GALVIN, EDWARD NEWTON, EDWARD B. HARRINGTON, JOHN GILPIN, and FREDERICK M. HAMMETT.

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

JOB T. LANGLEY, *Chairman*; JOHN J. PECKHAM, *Secretary*; ARNOLD L. BURDICK, THOMAS P. PECKHAM, PATRICK J. GALVIN, and EDWARD B. HARRINGTON.

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION OF GUESTS.

HENRY E. TURNER, M. D., *Chairman*; REV. MAHLON VAN HORNE, *Secretary*; JOHN WATERS, H. AUGUSTUS KAULL, WILLIAM O. GREENE, WILLIAM F. WILBOR, FRANCIS STANHOPE, JAMES B. COFTRELL, and JOB T. LANGLEY.

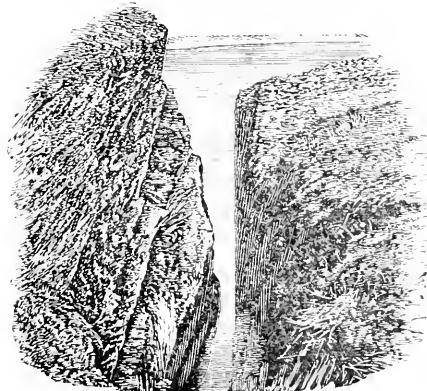
COMMITTEE ON MILITARY.

WILLIAM A. STEDMAN, *Chairman*; HENRY E. TURNER, JR., *Secretary*; MELVILLE BULL, ARNOLD L. BURDICK, and WILLIAM F. WILBOR.

Subsequently changes were made in some of the committees, and one or two new committees were formed. Mr. William A. Peckham declining to serve, his place on the Committee of Arrangements was taken by Mr. William S. Cranston, and the vacancy in the Committee on Collation filled by Mr. William J. Underwood. The chairmanship of the Committee on Reception and that of the Committee on Music and Salutes having been resigned by Dr. Turner and Mr. H. E. Turner, Jr., those positions were finally occupied by Ex-Mayor Slocum and General Burdick, respectively. Later on, Mr. William J. Underwood was added to the Committee on Arrangements, and the Committee on Collation having tendered their resignations, Messrs. A. L. Burdick, H. A. Kaull, and Lewis Brown were made a substitute committee. Efficient work was done by Messrs. W. O. Greene, Thomas

Burlingham, and Lewis Brown, who were given charge of all police arrangements: Messrs. G. P. Lawton and A. L. Burdick were made the Committee on Carriages, and Mayor Franklin and Messrs. Lee, Galvin, Sheffield, Jr., and Davis were appointed a Committee on Speakers: and these latter, with the assistance of the Committee on Correspondence, succeeded in obtaining several eminent orators for the occasion.

The various committees set to work with commendable enthusiasm, although almost immediately after the meeting of May 19th, there were heard murmurings of doubt on a great many sides. From this time forward it was almost entirely an uphill journey. As is usual in such organizations, there were diverse views expressed upon a great many of the topics introduced for consideration, and occasionally much skill and forbearance were necessary in order to prevent the entire project falling to the ground. Indeed, even after the preparations had been for some time under way, a motion was made at one of the meetings of the Committee to the effect that it was inexpedient to proceed with the undertaking, and this was barely defeated by a vote of fourteen to ten. Prior to the vote being taken, a very spirited discussion had been indulged in, and when the question was finally settled an impression prevailed that one effect the opposition that had been developed would have, was that it would stimulate every member to greater efforts for the success of the Re-Union.



PURGATORY.

CHAPTER III.

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

Immediately after the appointment of the various committees, several of the gentlemen who were placed in charge of the correspondence began to congratulate themselves upon what they believed to be a fact, namely, that their labors would be very light indeed. They had reckoned without their host, for from the moment when they first got together to see what was necessary to be done in their department, their labors were incessant, and involved personal sacrifices which need not be referred to here. At the first meeting of the Committee it was decided to send a copy of the following letter to every absent Newporter whose address could be obtained:—

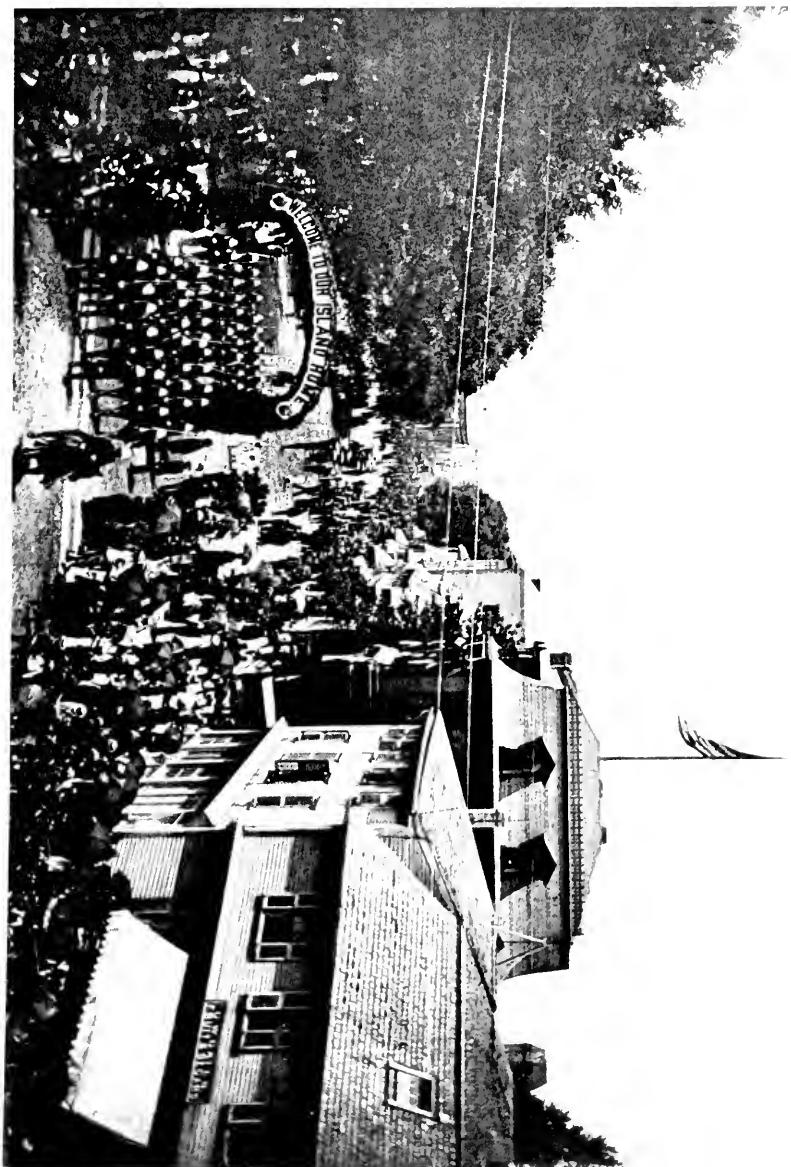
NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, May 22, 1884.

At a meeting of the City Council, held May 6th, it was unanimously voted to have a Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport on July Fourth next.

It is earnestly desired that as many as possible of the Sons and Daughters of this City, who have sought homes and fortune in other places, shall return and join with the present citizens of their native place in a grand re-union, in order that youthful associations may be revived, early friendships renewed and strengthened, and new ones formed. We therefore extend to you a hearty invitation to be present and unite with us in the festivities of the occasion.

Many of the children of Newport are widely scattered, and it is impossible to ascertain the names and addresses of all. Should you know of any whose names have not occurred to the Committee, you will oblige us by extending to them a cordial invitation to be present.

Books will be provided at the City Hall for the registration of names, and every person so registering will be furnished with some distinguishing badge to secure proper recognition in all the ceremonies of the day.



THE RE-UNION ARCH.

You can aid the Committee if, after consulting with the Sons and Daughters of Newport in your vicinity, you will name some one to reply, in their behalf, to the words of welcome to be extended to them by His Honor, the Mayor, and others.

To all who were born in Newport or have ever made it their home, it is superfluous to say that her historical memories, her tender family associations, and the charms which Nature has so lavishly bestowed, are more than sufficient reason to induce them, not only to gather around the hearthstones dear to them, but cheerfully to do all in their power to promote the success and advance the happiness of the day which we desire to make most memorable in her history.

ROBERT S. FRANKLIN, Mayor.

FRANK G. HARRIS,

EDWARD NEWTON,

EDWARD B. HARRINGTON,

JOHN GILPIN,

FRED M. HAMMETT,

WILLIAM J. COZZENS,

WILLIAM P. SHEFFIELD, JR.,

PATRICK J. GALVIN,

Correspondence Committee.

How best to obtain the addresses of the absent ones, was a matter that gave the Committee much concern. Advertisements asking for them were inserted in the local papers, but these brought forth very poor results. Finally a method was suggested that proved eminently successful. Many hundreds of postal cards, addressed to the "Re-Union Committee, City Hall, Newport," and having upon the reverse side a request that the persons receiving them would write the names and addresses of absent relatives and friends and drop the cards in the post-office, were distributed throughout the City. The plan acted like a charm, for by each mail there came scores upon scores of addresses, so that it became necessary to have over three thousand copies of the invitation circular printed. How many weary hours were passed in sorting and indexing the more than three thousand names, in folding as many circulars, and sealing and directing the same number of envelopes, need not be told; it is sufficient to say that the

Committee gave their time cheerfully and labored almost incessantly, and when, finally, the last invitation had been sent out, they congratulated themselves upon the fact that a spirit of entire harmony had prevailed in all their doings.

While the invitations did not ask for any acknowledgment, several scores of the Sons and Daughters wrote letters expressing deep sympathy with the movement, and their love of that spot which it was their privilege to call "home."

It is impossible to print all of these letters, and yet it would be a source of great pleasure to do so, for one and all breathe a spirit of devotion to the native heath and to the delightful associations that surround it. Extracts of some of the epistles are given below, together with the names of all who acknowledged the invitations.

Rear Admiral John J. Almy, United States Navy, wrote an interesting letter of which the following is an extract:—

"As a native of Newport—of which I have always felt proud—it would afford me much pleasure and happiness to be among and mingle with the Sons and Daughters of that noble 'City-by-the-Sea,' famous for historical incidents and associations, and noted for the highest order of natural beauties and attractions which surround it: and from time immemorial has ever commanded the admiration of all foreign and native tourists. In speaking of Newport, and one's native soil, I am reminded of an incident which occurred fifty years ago, when I was a midshipman, cruising on the coast of South America. The Hon. William Hunter, a distinguished and honored son of Newport, was at that time United States Minister to Brazil. Whenever we went into Rio Janeiro I always visited him in the most friendly and sociable manner. Outside of his family I was the only Rhode Islander in that part of the world. He would say: 'Come here, young man, sit down by me and let us talk about Rhode Island and Newport,' and then further remarked, 'I love R-R-R-Rhode Island (rolling the r, as was his wont), and I love dear old Newport.' Though five thousand miles distant, his mind and his thoughts dwelt most affectionately upon his native town and State, and I must say that his sentiments and the manner of expressing them tended to quicken and increase my admiration for the City whose sons and daughters will honor themselves while meeting together to honor the place of their nativity.

Mr. George S. Coe, of New York, in replying, wrote:—

“It would give me great pleasure to accept the part you have so kindly assigned me, but at the moment I am engrossed with duties which may prevent my attending. If I can be there, I will come to join the assemblage among the grateful and loyal sons, but you cannot count upon me to engage in a place of honor.”

Rev. William C. Leverett's pleasant letter, written from Carlisle, Pa., contained the following:—

“Allow me to give you my very best wishes for the successful issue of your plans for this commemoration. I trust that the Re-Union may bring together the Sons and Daughters of ‘dear old Newport’ from far and near, and many others who, like myself, retain cherished associations and pleasant memories of residence there. And all will rejoice in the growth, improvement and prosperity of your beautiful City-by-the-Sea.”

Mr. Benjamin D. Silliman, of New York, was unable to be present, but in declining said:—

“Your invitation reminds me of the fact that my father delivered the 4th of July oration at Newport, I think in 1803—eighty-one years ago. I am very proud of my birth-place and of its Sons and Daughters, and it would give me special pleasure to take the part so kindly tendered me, but I must forego it, as it will be impossible for me to be present on the occasion. I grieve to inform you of the death, on the 30th of May, of my brother, Augustus E. Silliman, than whom Newport had no worthier or more loyal son.”

Mr. Peter J. Turner, of Indianapolis, wrote as follows:—

“Until this hour I have hoped to avail myself of your invitation and join old friends and townsmen on so happy an occasion. I now find it impossible to leave, and must express the deepest regret not to meet Sons and Daughters of the treasured home of my happy childhood and youth. Blessings on her and them.”

Mr. George T. Hammond, of Commack, N. Y., wrote:—

“I trust all who were present at the first Re-Union will make an effort to once more visit the shrine of their nativity. It is true our ranks have been thinned by death, but with all honor to those who have ‘gone before,’ let us fill them up, remembering that the battle of life is still going on, and this will, in all probability, be the last occasion when we, who met a quarter of a century ago, can meet again in Newport in a general Re-Union.”

Mrs. Elizabeth Wanton Wickham Baker, of Middleport, N. Y., wrote the following:—

“Your communication reached me last evening, and brings many happy and hallowed memories. I will pass the day in recalling memories of the venerated dead, and memories of Newport. I am now over eighty years of age, and am more proud of my New England descent from the Saltonstalls, Winthrops and Wantons than if I were the descendant of an English Earl.”

Mr. Isaac Lawrence, writing from New York, expressed the pleasure he felt in being numbered amongst those Sons and Daughters to whom an invitation to the Re-Union exercises had been extended. In conclusion he said:—

“During the past six months I have visited most of Canada and the United States, but nowhere have I seen so charming a place as Newport.”

Rev. M. J. Talbot, of Providence, wrote an interesting letter, of which the following is an extract:—

“A procession passes before me, of honored men and excellent women, who have, since the time of my residence in Newport, passed on to the unseen. The control of public affairs has passed into the hands of new and younger men, who evidently lack nothing in determination and enterprise in maintaining the honor and enhancing the beauty of the municipality established by their predecessors. The real prosperity of Newport will always be a matter of gratification to all who have enjoyed the privilege of being her citizens, even if not her Sons. Though not myself a ‘Son of Newport,’ I gave to that City a son, now resident in the far West.”

Mr. Thomas Vernon, of Providence, in accepting the invitation, added:—

“Newport has a history which may well elicit the pride and affection of her sons; and the Re-Union will have the effect of intensifying the loyalty of her Sons and Daughters.”

Mr. William G. Turner, writing from sunny Italy, said:—

“I long to see my native town; and, as well as the old and cherished, a new generation which has developed with the material growth of the place during my fourteen years of voluntary exile. I must forego the pleasure, however, because my present interest for home binds me here more than ever until next Spring.”

Hon. August Belmont, of New York, in acknowledging the receipt of an invitation, wrote :—

“ Though my family and I have made Newport our Summer home for the last 25 years, only one of my children, my youngest son, Raymond Rodgers Belmont, can claim to be a son of Newport, he being born at my place ‘Bythesea.’ We will take great pleasure, however, in complying with your invitation.”

Rev. William H. Fish, of South Scituate, Mass., sent an exceedingly interesting note, of which the following is an extract :—

“ I am a Newport boy of 1812, and can just remember the ‘September gale,’ the removing of the old trees of the ‘Mall’ and the setting out of the new ones: also the branding of the counterfeiter—Ruggs, was it?—who stood in the pillory an hour and then received the red hot iron hissing to his teeth almost, I think. So it is quite an *old* Newport that I know; and most intimately the pupils of bright, good old ‘Johnny Rodman’s’ school. The chief and prominent men of that time I have a distinct remembrance of.”

Hon. Bernard Gilpin, of Annapolis Royal, wrote very interestingly as follows :—

“ Sir—I beg to thank you for your kind invitation, and, though old age prevents me from being present in body, yet in mind I shall certainly be present amongst the old scenes and mild skies of my native land, growing dear as life advances and age overshadows me. My earliest impressions, and, indeed, the only ones, of shots fired in anger were there made. The ‘Nimrod,’ sloop-of-war, one of Hardy’s (that Hardy who afterwards kissed the dying Nelson,) cruisers, who held the blockade of New York, held Newport very tightly under her guns; every fine day being seen from the beach, as she was so closely in that the lace upon her officers’ uniforms, the boatswains’ whistle and the light airs from her band scared the fishermen from their toil. She pounced upon an unlucky molasses dropper from the West Indies, which, to escape her pursuer, shoaled her water, running into the shallow water of the beach. The ‘Nimrod’ backing her topsails came into stays, sending in her boats to burn her. This made a great excitement in town; the Artillery Company marched their beautiful brass guns, (I hope they have them yet,) and placed them in a battery on the back of the beach amongst the sand hills, firing upon the boats. This drew the fire of the ‘Nimrod’ upon them over the heads of her boats, and things were lively for a time,

As a child, held in my nurse's arms at the window. I remember the crowds of men running towards the beach, a wild figure on horseback now and again galloping with them, and at short intervals came a bang, rattling the window sashes—the 'Nimrod's' heavy guns. A life or two was lost, and at low tide the burnt drogger was towed into the harbor, when even the Yankee boys were delighted with the candy dropping from her burnt ribs. I fear I have trespassed on your patience with my long scrawl, scarcely legible, and, with the hope that some contemporary may be alive to remember the scene,

I remain yours,

BERNARD GILPIN.

Mrs. Abby Preufert, of Providence, was unable to be present, but wrote:—

“Although aged in years, I feel the keen disappointment of youthful days as I write these lines. Very few present will have earlier or pleasanter recollections of that attractive isle than myself. Twenty-five years ago I was with you, and it was one of the happiest days of my life.”

Mrs. D. C. Ayres, in writing from Green Bay, Wis., said:—

“A recent visit there only strengthened the ties and clasped the links which held me. Although sixteen hundred miles of mountain and of prairie are between us, I shall be with you on the Fourth in mind and thought, and join lovingly in all of praise and loving homage which shall be paid to our home City. Queen of Beauty on land, and grandeur of ocean wave, long may she reign as America's loveliest city.”

Mr. James G. Cozzens, of Chicago, a son of the late Governor W. C. Cozzens, wrote as follows:—

“Nothing, I assure you, would afford me more pleasure than to be present. I well remember the one held twenty-five years ago, in which I took so much interest and enjoyment. I firmly believe in the value of such meetings, and no one can hold more dear than I do the memories of all those charming spots of interest on that most beautiful of all islands—Aquidneck.”

Rear Admiral William Rogers Taylor, U. S. Navy, in sending regrets at being unable to be present, added:—

“I beg you to believe that no one has a more affectionate remembrance of his birthplace than I have, or who feels a warmer interest in its welfare than myself.”

Mrs. William C. Folger, of Nantucket, wrote :—

“Although many years of my life have been passed away from my birthplace, yet ‘her historical memories, her tender family associations and the charms which Nature has so lavishly bestowed,’ are to-day as dear to me as ever, and I am proud in claiming to be a daughter of a city so renowned. I shall always remain a loyal daughter of Old Newport.”

Mr. P. S. Chase, of Providence, informed the Committee that :—

“Being a son of Newport, by brevet, so to speak, having married one of her daughters, I shall have great pleasure in accompanying Mrs. Chase to the exercises of the day.”

Mrs. S. M. Shipman, of Deep River, Conn., said :—

“I love the dear old City where memory has ever lovingly lingered as in no other home that I have ever known.”

Mr. Edward P. Peckham, of San Francisco, wrote :—

“I cannot be with you in person, but in spirit I will be. May God bless you all, and give you health and strength to enjoy the festivities of the day.”

Mr. Henry T. Ireys, of Greenville, Miss., wrote as follows :—

“Though a citizen of another State, first by interest and now by family ties, yet I fondly linger in memory around my early home, my youthful days and the sad, yet pleasing memories of the past. No time, no change of location or incidents of life can sever us from our birthplace; no curtain of forgetfulness ever descends between the cradle and the grave; and old Newport, its surroundings and well-remembered faces, are as dear to me now, though absent, as they were in the spring-time of life.”

Interesting communications were also received from W. L. Northam, W. J. Coddington, H. B. Lawton, J. L. Hagerman and Rev. C. H. Malcom, of New York; W. H. Bryer, Mrs. E. Kenney, Mrs. S. H. Brownell, G. J. Gibson, W. H. Scott, G. S. Barnford, Miss S. Spooner, Mrs. J. B. Black, Mrs. A. Whitney, J. H. Cottrell, J. G. Keith, J. W. Gale, C. C. Ellery, H. H. Safford, Mrs. M. E. Cogswell, Miss M. G. Cogswell, Miss M. S. Kenney, H. O. T. Cameron, Mrs. W. B. Peirce, C. E. Hubbard, J. E. Ash, Rev. Alfred Man-

chester, Mrs. H. W. Carr, and S. H. Wales, of Providence; J. H. Dougherty, Grace A. Lewis, and Mrs. Ray Spink, of Boston; Mrs. E. Wilcox, J. H. Boone and I. B. Brightman, of Fall River; J. J. Taylor, of Stamford, Conn.; T. H. Clarke, of Jamestown, R. I.; J. E. Parmenter, of Lamar, Kansas; J. H. Peckham, and S. G. Wood, of North Attleboro', Mass.; E. T. Allan, Jr., of Leech Lake, Minn.; T. S. Brownell, of Warren, R. I.; T. R. Miles, of Wareham, Mass.; A. B. Chadsey, W. E. Holloway, and L. A. Richards, of Wickford, R. I.; Clara E. Dennis, and Sarah A. Greene, of Portsmouth, R. I.; Mrs. A. H. Alling, and Mrs. E. H. Parkhurst, of New Haven, Conn.; E. A. Bush, of Adirondack, N. Y.; C. J. Card, of Block Island, R. I.; J. Simpson, of San Antonio, Texas; W. D. Tew, of Taunton, Mass.; V. S. Ireys, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Annie E. Gifford, of Charles River; Mrs. B. Ellis, of East Greenwich, R. I.; C. W. Turner, of Middleboro', Mass.; W. S. Simmons, of Pawtucket, R. I.; J. W. Vose, of Jacksonville, Fla.; S. Hilton, of Washington, D. C.; J. E. Lyon, of Salem, Mass.; O. H. Perry, of Newton, N. Y.; O. Tiffany, of Baltimore, Md.; F. A. Dougherty, of Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.; W. J. Turner, of Fort Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Rev. F. Upham, of Fairhaven, Mass.; R. C. Topham and Mrs. S. E. Gabriel, of New Bedford, Mass.; E. B. de Muro, of Tompkinsville, Fla.; Mrs. E. V. Blake, of Jackson, N. H.; O. H. Geffroy, of Philadelphia, and J. Scott, of Manitous, Col.

Some very touching facts were developed through the labors of the Correspondence Committee, and they serve to show how impossible it is to destroy the love some people have for the spots where they chanced to first see the light of day. They never cease to love the old home: they embrace every opportunity that arises to converse about it, and they long for the time when circumstances will permit of their returning to their birthplace, in order that their last days may be passed amid the surroundings of their youth. But, on the other hand, long absence from their birthplace, the demands of

business and family cares, cause others who are not endowed with a super-abundance of sentiment, to forget, in a great measure, their former homes, and new associations, formed in the towns and States and countries of their adoption, help them to lose sight of those that once gave them pleasure. How much one Daughter of Newport loved her old home may be judged from the following touching incident, which was made known to the Committee by one who was thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances attending it.

About a half century ago, a bright, lovely girl, who had been born in Newport some twenty years previously, left her home here to reside with near and dear relatives in the western part of Massachusetts. Her tarry in the Bay State was of comparatively brief duration, for her beautiful face, and far more beautiful character soon made themselves felt in the breast of a young gentleman who in a short time made her his wife and took her to his home on the eastern borders of New York State. For over twenty-five years they passed a happy existence, and then the husband died, leaving a widow whose mourning for the departed one extended over almost as long a period as their married life had. During the early part of June of the present year, this lady, who then had reached the allotted term of human existence—three score years and ten—heard, while suffering from a serious illness, of the proposed Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport. From the moment when the first information regarding the intended celebration reached her, there was no theme upon which she conversed with greater interest. She wondered, and wondered, not once or twice, but scores upon scores of times, whether her friends in Newport would see to it that she was not lost sight of in the matter of sending invitations to the absent ones. As her illness became more serious, the desire of the aged one to be remembered in connection with the Re-Union increased also, until, finally, there appeared to be nothing that would bring absolute peace and comfort save the visit of the postman who should be the bearer of the much craved letter. Days passed however and

the missive came not. Her children, grown to the estate of manhood and womanhood, surrounded and cared for her—as solicitous for her comfort during the vigils of the night as they were during the watches of the day. Yet one thing was lacking to complete the earthly happiness of their loved one, for, having led a Christian life, the dying parent was assured of a glorious hereafter. With a clear mind, yet wasted form, she calmly awaited the summons for her to cross the Dark River. The result of that would be her greatest joy, but it was ordained that ere she should be called upon to partake of the fruits of a blessed life, her extraordinary and particular longing for a something to occur was to be gratified. One day, towards the latter part of June, when that region was resplendent with the glories of nature, a letter carrier left at the pretty little residence of our dying friend the long looked-for, much wished for missive. If the children were happy that their mother was gratified, how much more so was she whose life's spark was so soon to go out forever? Ere the letter was handed to her, she knew it had come, for the countenances of those who surrounded her bedside indicated the fact. With her enfeebled hands she broke the seal and made an effort to read the contents: but nature was too exhausted, and that privilege was denied her. She listened eagerly, however, to every word and syllable, and when the reading was completed she uttered a fervent "Thank God, I was not forgotten!" Then she asked for the document to be given to her, and several times during the day caused it to be re-read. Soon after daybreak on the following morning the spirit of this Daughter of Newport, whose wan right hand still grasped the Re-Union invitation, fled to its Maker.

CHAPTER IV.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE.

In looking over the years that have passed since the Re-Union of 1859, one sees many changes, changes that indicate great prosperity and mark the steady and uniform growth of the City. Commerce we have little or none, and our manufactures have nearly or quite died out, but we have not come to a stand. The energies of the people have been turned into new channels, and the many find employment in providing for the hundreds and thousands who annually flock to the seaside. In 1859 the taxable property of Newport was valued at \$10,484,400: to-day it is set down at \$27,543,600, and the savings banks are oppressed by the amount of their deposits. Sections of the City that were then only field land, are now laid out and built over—not wholly for summer residences, but with homes in great part for a well-to-do population; as witness the upper part of Broadway and the streets that radiate from that great thoroughfare.

The efforts to make Newport a manufacturing place have signally failed. Twenty-five years ago many mill hands here found employment, but in 1860 the Coddington factory, which turned out 50,000 yards of print cloth per week, was destroyed by fire. Then came the destruction of the woolen mill by the same element, which had often injured it before. The Aquidneck mill was partially destroyed by fire, but was restored and again put in working order. For a time it was run after that, but eventually the machinery was taken out and there it stands, still unoccupied. The Point factory was burnt, the lead works and shot tower have long been idle, and the Perry mill, built in 1835, is the only one running. The fine building put up on Marlborough street for the Newport Manufacturing Co. is now owned by the Newport Water Works. But business of other kinds has so improved as to make it almost imperative that at no distant day Thames street

must either be widened, or a new street, along the water front, be provided to accommodate the traffic.

The changes on Thames street have swept away many old landmarks. The old building that stood on the southwest corner of the Parade, has given place to a modern building, with stores below. The Gould building, rejoicing in a new front, is known as the "Beehive." Barlow's new building, adjoining it on the south, stands on what was the Faisneau estate. Who of the old residents does not recall the little French barber, Pascal E. Faisneau? He came to this country as valet to Count Vernon, and having left the employ of the Count, here opened a barber's shop. On the walls of his little ten by fourteen shop there was a print of the steamboat Chancellor Livingston leaving Newport harbor, which always filled my eye when, a little shaver, I went there to have my hair cut. The Chancellor Livingston made her first trip from New York to Providence, March 3d, 1828, in fifteen hours to Newport, using a part of her sails. Arrangements were then being made to have a daily boat on the line. The Fulton came through the following day in twenty hours.

Where William S. Nichols sold sterling silver ware, now stands the Bryer Exchange, and Heath, the jeweler, has a modern building where stood the old Colonial one that had many owners and tenants. The old Wanton house and the Gibbs mansion (now Covell's) have been so altered as to be past recognition. The Lopez building has a new front, the Gardner building takes the place of one that had long stood on the same site, and the Bateman building is a vast improvement on the structure that once stood there.

There are other improvements on the street that one might mention. The street itself has undergone changes. In 1859 the old pavement, many of the cobble stones being as large as buckets, gave place to a new pavement. The old pavement was supposed to date from 1767, when a fund was raised for this purpose by means of a lottery. The cobble stones gave place a few years ago to asphalt blocks.

Twenty-five years ago we had no railroad facilities. We

can hardly realize this now. There were boats on the river, to and from Providence, and a line to New York, but between Newport and Fall River only a stage coach, if one did not wish to get up before day and take the boat that stopped here on its way from New York. There was much opposition to the road when projected, particularly in Massachusetts. But a half-mile of road was required to be built in that State, to make the connection, but the right to do this was denied. Success at last crowned the efforts of those who were farsighted enough to see how great a benefit it would be. In 1859 the measure was pushed vigorously, two preliminary surveys were made, one on the east and the other on the west side of the Island, and from that time forward the matter was not allowed to drop till the end in view had been secured.

Repeatedly there has been a talk of a horse railroad to run through certain of the streets, but thus far the call has met with rebuffs, and it is a question if such a grant can be obtained in the near future. In the meantime a line of omnibuses has been running between the Post Office and a point where the main road crosses the Middletown line; while other omnibuses, in summer, run with more or less regularity to the Beach and the lower end of Bellevue avenue, starting from Washington square, the Depot, and the steamboat landings.

All the events of the late war have transpired since the first Re-Union. Many who are still living will recall the day when news of the first overt act reached Newport, the immediate call for troops, and the quick response of the Artillery Company. All business was suspended, and the ranks of the Company were at once more than filled. One hundred men were required, and one hundred and fourteen answered to the roll call. Then came the signal to depart. Two hundred and fifty of the leading citizens headed the line, four abreast. After them came seventy retired members of the Company. This was the escort. The civic procession was led by Mayor Cranston, supported by Rev. Drs. Thayer, Jackson and Adlam, while the streets were lined with citizens. On the wharf,

where a hollow square had been formed, there was an address from the Mayor, and one from Charles C. Van Zandt, followed by prayer by Drs. Thayer and Jackson. How many of the citizens who were present on that day have passed away! how well the Company behaved, how firm in action, how ready to shed their blood in the cause—all this has been recorded. The memory of those who fell is still revered, and from year to year their graves are visited by their surviving comrades.

During the war Goat Island and Fort Wolcott were used by the Navy Department for the Naval Academy, in connection with the Atlantic House. When peace was declared and there was a talk of sending the Academy back to Annapolis, the City offered to give Coaster's Harbor Island to the Government if it would plant the Academy there: an offer that was declined, for it was thought best that it should occupy its old quarters in Maryland. A few years later the Navy Department established a school on Goat Island, for instruction in torpedo practice. To this end work shops, store houses, and laboratories were provided, and the island has been dotted with cottages for the use of the instructors. The officer in charge has his quarters in what was the old barracks of Fort Wolcott, which were made into a commodious and pleasant residence. A steam launch plies between the City and the Station.

Less than twenty-five years ago the City had no water supply, other than wells and cisterns. The call for a better supply was a vain one, for no one seemed to know how we could get it short of a heavy outlay. At length Mr. George H. Norman offered to put down mains and furnish the City with water if the City in return would give him a certain franchise. The offer was accepted, the pipes were put down as agreed, a reservoir and pumping house were provided, a portion of Easton's pond was diked to raise its level, and since then the City has had the benefit of an uninterrupted supply of water. Another basin, deeper if not larger, has been provided by the Company at the Hanging Rocks, and from that source we shall get a still more abundant supply.

With water *ad libitum* there should be a full and perfect system of sewers: but this end has yet to be attained: in the meantime sewers have been put down in various directions, and a main outlet, to take the waste of the City across the harbor, under Goat Island and out to the Channel, has been started. Whoever writes the history of the next Re-Union may be able to tell of the completion of this work.

The Newport Gas Light Company has extended its mains from time to time, and now quite out on the confines of the City, as well as in the more compact part, the streets are lighted. The old gasometer, which, when put in was thought to be quite large enough to meet the demands upon it for many years to come, has been supplemented by another, a new, gasometer, and the enterprising Company have put up a fine building on Thames Street, affording ample room for its own works, and offices and stores to rent for business purposes. Nor are we wholly dependent on the Gas Light Company for street lighting, many of the thoroughfares and public squares being made brilliant at night by the electric light, the use of which for this purpose will probably be continued.

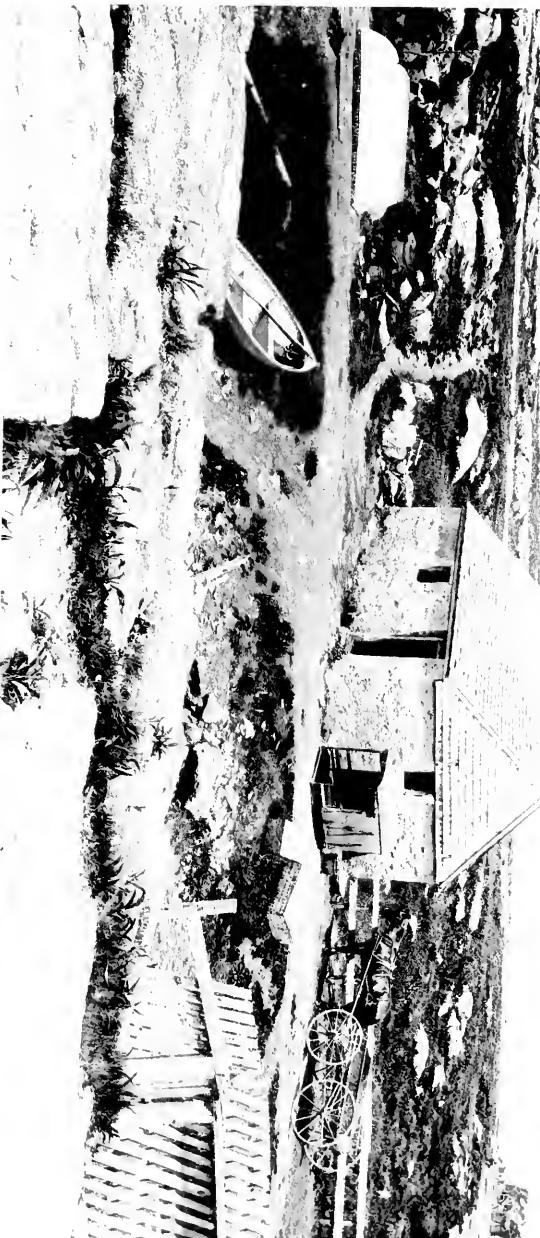
In the Gas Light Company's building is located the office of the Telephone Exchange. Newport was quick to avail itself of the advantages offered by the telephone, and probably no place of its size has employed it to a greater extent; the wires of the Company now run in all directions, and a telephone seems to be as essential to the comfort and convenience of a household as a supply of illuminating gas. A connection has also been made with Jamestown. The line crosses the Channel at Fort Adams and the Dumplings, and runs over the island. What would the inhabitants of Jamestown of a generation ago have said to this? In their day there was, at times, a faint agitation of a more speedy and reliable means of communication with this City than was afforded by the old open ferry boats, and there was even a talk of cutting a canal across the island, with a steamboat to run between Narragansett and Newport, *via* this cut, but no one seemed

sanguine that anything would come of it. We have now, however, a regular steam communication between Newport and Conanicut, stopping as occasion requires at Fort Adams. This has been alike advantageous to the two places. For Jamestown it has done a great deal; streets have been laid out, hotels and cottages have been built, and what was a lonely place has become a growing and thriving community. At the ferry there is quite a village, on the west side there is the nucleus of another village, and at the north end of the island there is a more ambitious movement: a settlement having been formed there, known as Conanicut Park, with its hotel, cottages, landing place for steamboats, pleasant drives and bathing ground. It is now a popular place of resort, and many facilities are afforded one to reach it.

Another new steamboat connection is that between Newport and Wickford, the advantages of which were so apparent that the City was induced to take stock in it to the amount of \$50,000. This, with the building of the Wickford Railroad, it all being one thing, opened a direct communication by rail with New York, and it is now the mail route between the two cities.

Other new steamboat connections are a line between Newport and Narragansett Pier, exclusively for summer travel, and one to Block Island.

Great changes have been made in hotel accommodation in these years. The Bellevue, Fillmore and Atlantic Houses have all been swept away, but the Aquidneck has been enlarged and greatly improved, and the Ocean House, always a favorite with the travelling public, has more than held its own. Then there is the Perry House, a modern hotel, on Washington Square, and the United States, that goes back to an earlier period. Bits of the Fillmore and the Bellevue are to be seen in the form of boarding houses on Catharine and Brinley Streets, but all traces of the Atlantic have disappeared. The latter had a number of proprietors, none of whom were successful; at last it stood empty, wanting a tenant, until the Naval Academy was sent here during the



THE BOAT HOUSE.

war and there for a time found a resting place. When the Government gave it up it again stood empty, till at last it was decided to take it down and turn the site to a better use. Where the house stood there now stands a beautiful villa, "Park Gate," the summer residence of Seth B. Stitt, Esq., of Philadelphia. Just below it, on Pelham Street, where the Derby Cottage stood, there has been erected a beautiful and substantial edifice, built of stone up to the top of the spire, a memorial of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D., whose name will always be revered and cherished. The old church on Mill Street, that was long occupied by the Unitarian Society, and which has a history that antedates the Revolution, has been sold, but is still standing on the old site. It was in this church that Dr. Hopkins began his ministry in Newport, in 1755, and here he fulminated those strong arguments against slavery, at a time when catching slaves was thought to be a worthy calling.

One other hotel, that of the Cliff Cottage Association, should be mentioned, for it has been built, with its neighboring cottages, within the period of which I am writing.

One of the venerable institutions to which Newport clings, is the Redwood Library. Only the year before the first Re-Union it had been greatly enlarged and improved, and this change was to have been marked by some formal ceremony at the time of the Re-Union; but the illness of the President, the late George G. King, to whom the duty of preparing the address was assigned, prevented. It was thought that many years would elapse before additional space would be required for books, but in 1875 it was deemed expedient to add materially to the structure, to accommodate the greatly increased number of volumes. In 1859 the library contained 9000 volumes, to-day it has more than 26,000 volumes. The friends of the library have been many and liberal during these twenty-five years. It is fairly off for means to keep up with a moderate demand for new books, and an effort is now being made to raise a permanent fund for its current expenses. It was about the time of the first Re-Union that the late Benjamin H.

Rhoades was appointed librarian. The selection was a happy one and during the years that he held the office for which he was so admirably fitted, he was a most efficient, pains-taking and devoted custodian of the property placed in his keeping.

One cannot but take pleasure in speaking of the People's Library, and of its founder and liberal benefactor, the late Christopher Townsend, a man who lived to do good and improve the condition of his fellows. Of his abundance he gave liberally in his life time. He not only gave the greater part of the books in this library, but within the time of which I am writing he provided the means for its support after he was gone, and that it might be self sustaining. The collection now numbers about 25,000 volumes, and every respectable person may have the benefit of the library, without cost or charge.

Newport has always looked carefully after the education of her children, and in these later years, as in the past, it has taxed itself heavily to give them good schooling. The more important of the school houses that have been built within the past twenty-five years, are the Point school house and the Potter school house, the Mill Street, the Cranston Avenue, and the Rogers High School. The foundation of this school, which is located in a beautiful structure on Church Street, was the gift of William Sanford Rogers, who, dying, made a liberal bequest for the education of the youths of Newport in the higher branches. The building is a becoming memorial of this good man, and the work being done there is a credit to those who have it in charge.

St. Mary's Catholic Society has also a very fine school house built of granite but a few years ago and in the rear of and adjoining the Church grounds.

At the time of the first Re-Union many persons availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the Jewish Synagogue, which was then, as it had been for some years before, only opened in compliance with the wish of visitors to inspect the interior of this venerable edifice; but it is now pleasant to know that the Jewish service is regularly held there on

Fridays and Saturdays by a resident Rabbi, Rev. A. P. Mendes, who has made Newport his place of abode.

The Historical Society has of late become the owner of the old Seventh Day Baptist Church, on Barney Street, and has fitted it up for the use of the Society. The movement was timely, for the venerable building, erected in 1729, was fast falling to decay, and soon it would have been past restoring. As it is, the leading features of the interior have been preserved—the picturesque pulpit and sounding board, the tablets on the wall, the gallery, and the fine old clock, the work of Clagget—these have all been retained and will be kept from further harm. Before anything was done to the building careful measurements and drawings of every part of the interior were made by an architect, which drawings have been given to the Historical Society and will have a place on the walls. Here for the future the Society will hold its meetings.

Strong and marked is the contrast between the Fire Department of to-day and of five and twenty years ago. It took time to overcome the prejudice against steam fire engines, and to the last there were those who held to the hand engines and the old leather buckets which had been the pride and care of our ancestors. But a more enlightened spirit prevailed, and now we may well be proud of our properly organized and well-equipped department. The display of steamers, hose-carts and trucks in the procession at the late Re-Union was every way creditable.

For generations Coaster's Harbor Island was identified with the poor of Newport, for on that pleasing Island was located the Asylum. But the time came, but a few years ago, when it was thought that it would be well to give it to the Government for a naval training school, and when the matter was brought to the attention of the voters it was so decided. Having parted with the Island for a nominal consideration, the City leased an estate on Broadway with the right to purchase it at a given price, fitted it up for the use of the Asylum, and there the City's poor are now cared for.

On Bellevue Avenue what changes have been made during these twenty-five years: what a contrast it presents to those who knew it less than a generation ago! Whole blocks of buildings have been erected, chiefly for business purposes, and in the midst of, and surrounded by, stores filled with all that can attract the eye and gratify the taste, there stands the Casino, with its graceful outline, its spacious courts, its fountains, its light and airy galleries and its crowds of pleasure seekers—a busy, moving scene that never lacks for interest or numbers, day or evening, during the season. There is tennis on the lawn, music and a promenade in the corridors, and at night dancing, or some special attraction in the little theatre that makes a part of this delightful place.

And what changes have been made in other parts of the Avenue and the streets that cross it! Narragansett Avenue has been almost built up in that time. “Oaklawn” was there, and so were Miss Grey’s cottage and Miss Callender’s house, then owned by Edward Ogdén, but all the others date from a period short of the first Re-Union. On Ochre Point the Lawrence house stood alone, as it had done for many years, and along the Cliff there was only here and there a cottage. The places now so beautiful do not go back to the days of the Re-Union—“Seaview,” “Bythesea,” “Snug Harbor,” and the greater number of other well-known bits offairy land, have come into existence as by the touch of some conjurer’s wand—a marvel of green sward, beds of glowing colors, and the foliage of deciduous trees with palms and other exotics. Whatever is beautiful in trees and plants that wealth can command has within a score or so of years been brought here and planted with a lavish hand. And then there is the lovely drive on Ocean Avenue, a continuation of Bellevue Avenue, over one of the most picturesque parts of the Island, among rocky hills, along pebbly beaches and grassy slopes, everywhere in sight of the ocean and revealing at every turn some new and interesting feature. Cottages are already springing up along this line, and the day is probably not distant when every available site will be taken up.

On Touro Park, raised upon an appropriate pedestal, there stands a bronze statue, of heroic size, of Commodore M. C. Perry, erected within the period of which I am writing. Around the granite pedestal there is a belt of bronze casting in high relief, divided into three sections, commemorative of leading events in the life of Commodore Perry. They are very spirited and the statue itself is life like and an admirable likeness. It was a gift to the City from Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Belmont being a daughter of Commodore Perry.

At the next anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, a fine bronze statue, also of heroic size, of Commodore Oliver H. Perry, will be unveiled with imposing ceremony. The statue, the work of a Newport sculptor, Mr. William G. Turner, is now being cast in Florence, and when completed will probably be placed on Washington Square, opposite what was once the Perry mansion.

Of the prominent men of Newport who were at the first Re-Union many have gone to their resting place. There was Rev. Charles T. Brooks: when he died a people mourned. Of the older physicians we have lost a number—Dr. David King, who was so earnest in his support of the Redwood Library and the Historical Society: Doctors Watson, Turner and Butler, and the genial Dr. Dunn. Gov. Gibbs helped to make the Re-Union a success: every one knows that, but it is not generally known how he was first brought into notice. One of the coldest days in January, 1817, he was on his way to Providence, on board the packet Maria, Captain Gardner, when a boy belonging to the vessel, named Thurston Butts, fell from the bowsprit, the sloop sailing at the time at the rate of eight knots. The boy could not swim: young Gibbs saw it, and in a moment jumped for him and kept him up till both were rescued in an exhausted state. Of the printers who have gone in this time there was James Atkinson, of the *Herald of the Times*, and then of the *Advertiser*, and his son Oliver, who had become his successor; Frederick A. Pratt, of the *Mercury*, and William H. Cranston, a former editor of the

Daily News, and Mayor of the City at the time of the Re-Union. Older than all of these was Oliver Farnsworth, who was born at Woodstock, Vt., came to Newport in 1799, started two small sheets, one after the other, and these were followed by *The Guardian of Liberty*, 1800, which he continued to print but a short time. William Simons, who began the publication of the *Rhode Island Republican* in 1805, probably bought the press of Farnsworth, who that year returned to Woodstock. From there he removed to Cincinnati, where he established the first printing office in that city. Restless and inclined to roving, he came again to Newport, in 1857, and died the year of the Re-Union, at the age of 84 years. Of distinguished jurists we have lost J. Prescott Hall and Wm. Beach Lawrence: of prominent men at the bar, George Turner and Henry Y. Cranston, and I have only to mention Robert B. Cranston, David J. Gould, William C. Cozzens, George G. King, Robert J. Taylor and Duncan C. Pell, to bring them and others equally prominent to mind. This generation must pass before we can lose sight of such worth as was seen in Benjamin B. Howland (who faithfully served as City Clerk for more than fifty years), Adam S. Coe, Timothy Coggeshall, Peleg Clarke and John T. Bush. George G. King was President of the Redwood Library at the time of the first Re-Union, and of the eleven directors at that time but three are now living—William P. Sheffield, Henry E. Turner and George C. Mason. Dr. Turner is now the President of the institution, and Messrs. Sheffield and Mason are still members of the Board.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARING FOR THE DAY.

The work went bravely on, but it was not until the twenty-third day of May that the question, as to whether there was to be a re-union or not, was definitely settled, for it was upon that evening a motion was made in committee to the effect that, all things considered, it was inexpedient to proceed with the undertaking. To say that the introduction of the motion caused some surprise, is to record the circumstance in language that does not properly describe it. The Newport Daily News in its report, the following day, of the proceedings, informed its readers that the meeting was of "a rather exciting" character. Perhaps this, too, does somewhat of an injustice to the doings of that evening, and it is suggested that if the reader of this work will strike a happy medium between a condition of things best illustrated by the verb "surprise," and one to which the word "exciting" would do justice, he will not be far from realizing the true state of affairs on the occasion in question. The chief argument used by those who desired a postponement of the proposed celebration, was, that the citizens of Newport were not sufficiently aroused in the matter, in fact, that the feeling throughout the community was one of almost entire apathy. It was further urged, and at very considerable length, that the time for preparation was so limited, it would be impossible to do full justice to the enterprise. Moreover it was stated that the amount of money required being so very large, the Committee would be incurring a great risk if they proceeded without reasonable assurance that it could be raised. Had the motion been put before the suggestion was made for a recess, which was had, it is more than likely that the Re-Union would never have been brought about, or, at all events, it

would not have been on such a large scale. But, during the recess, several hundred dollars were raised among the members of the Committee, and, when the meeting was once more in order, this fact was not without its effect. Still the discussion was continued, the Chairman urging that with the improved means of travel there was every opportunity for those who were disposed to attend the Re-Union to be communicated with, and then an abundance of time remained for them to make preparations for their respective journeys. The Secretary, too, declared it to be his unqualified opinion, "that," to quote the local daily paper, "all the funds would be raised, that all the bills would be paid promptly, and dollar for dollar honestly met." That the suggestion of the Chairman was well founded must have been plainly manifest to every person who chanced to be in this City on the last anniversary of the Declaration of Independence: the fact that not a single dollar is owing on account of Newport's second Re-Union, shows conclusively that the Secretary was right in his estimate of the loyalty of the people to respond when called upon to support, with their means, so laudable an object.

At last the discussion came to an end: it had continued between one and two hours, and those who were most anxious for the success of the Re-Union awaited the result with considerable solicitude. The motion was put, the yeas and nays were called for, and it was found that the latter prevailed. The suggestion for a postponement was not agreed to, and the way was open for preparing for the great event without further interruption. But, as has been previously stated, the effect of the discussion was a good one, for it brought the vast majority of the Committee far closer together on the subject than they ever had been before, and compelled them, if only for the credit of the City, to labor more industriously for the desired end.

Immediately after the settlement of the much discussed question, "to be, or not to be," the Committee of Arrangements made a very elaborate report of what they recommended

should be done on the Fourth of July, and in order to show that the general committee believed that this sub-committee had exercised sound judgment and discretion in their conclusions, it is only necessary to say that every important suggestion made by them was unanimously approved by the larger body, and this, notwithstanding the fact that the adoption of the report carried with it appropriations amounting to thousands of dollars. The report stated that the Committee were "of the opinion that a portion of the programme will be made doubly successful if some torpedoes could be exploded and the harbor lighted with the electric light by the officials at the Torpedo Station." It is pleasant to be able to state that this suggestion met with a very ready and cordial response from Captain Thomas O. Selfridge, of the United States Navy, then commanding the Torpedo Station, who not only in the manner indicated, but in other directions assisted those having charge of the proposed festival in making it the success which it unmistakably was.

It is wholly unnecessary in a work such as this is intended to be, to make more than a passing reference to the various labors of the Committee, for a recital of the difficulties encountered, the delays met with, and the disappointments experienced would prove tedious, if not absolutely uninteresting.

The question of finance, however, was one which, for several weeks, disturbed the Committee far more than any other subject that was brought before them. Under the provisions of the public statutes the City of Newport is not authorized to expend more than two thousand dollars for public celebrations during any one year. Of this amount some two hundred dollars had been voted by the City Council before the proposition to have a re-union took any definite shape, and, therefore, all that the people's representatives in the municipality could appropriate for that purpose was eighteen hundred dollars. The first estimate of the money required to carry on the celebration was four thousand dollars; later on the Committee became impressed with the conviction that five thou-

sand dollars would be necessary, and finally it was believed that four thousand dollars, over and above the City's appropriation would not be too much. This latter calculation proved to be well founded.

But how was this large amount to be raised? That was a problem that appeared to the Finance Committee to be difficult of solution. It was suggested that, as the Legislature was about to hold its spring session here, as usual, an appeal might very properly be made to that body to pass a law authorizing the City Council, of this City, to make an additional appropriation for the special occasion of the Re-Union. A petition, praying the Legislature to do this, was very numerously signed, but at the same time there was decided opposition to the proposition. Not a few of the careful, conservative citizens of Newport held that to change the law for any such purpose would be to establish a precedent which might, in the future, prove dangerous to the public weal. The adverse judgment of some of these citizens on this subject did not, when it reached the Legislature, take that form which could best be met by the promoters of the scheme, and the result was that their method of indirection proved far more difficult to overcome than open opposition.

The Legislature finally met, and at one of its earliest sessions the petition was presented, and referred, after some demur, to the Committee on the Judiciary. It did not take much time to discover that those who were most earnest in the desire to secure a larger appropriation from the City, had adopted the wrong means to bring it about, for the law provides that towns and cities shall be formally notified of any petitions presented to the Legislature affecting their interests, in order that, if deemed expedient, objection may be made by the proper authorities. It is scarcely necessary to say that the special committee having the matter in charge quickly perceived the error into which they had fallen, and at once asked for, and obtained permission to withdraw the petition. Then an act was drafted, which so amended the chapter affected that the City Council of the City of Newport was

authorized to expend for the observance of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence occurring during the present year, the sum of three thousand dollars. The passage of this authorization of an additional appropriation, brought much satisfaction to the Committee at large, and particularly to the Finance Committee, who now began to discern a silver lining in the heavy clouds which had threateningly hovered over them.

During the progress of the preparations for the event in which increased interest was being aroused, several attempts were made to obtain the assistance of the ladies in directing the course of proceedings. These efforts were unsuccessful, not because the feminine portion of the community were indifferent to the result, for the contrary was the case, but for the reason that it was thought they could do more beneficial service to the Committee in privately urging relatives and friends to return to their former home for the happy occasion, and then in making preparations for the reception of their visitors. In this, there can be no doubt, the ladies were right, and the result of their labors in the direction indicated proved the fact very conclusively.

Meanwhile the Sons and Daughters, for whose reception and entertainment such elaborate arrangements were in progress, were bestirring themselves in the various localities to which they belonged. From far and near came cheering news of how much interest was felt by the absent ones, and how they were extending the cordial invitation to those "whose names had not occurred to the Committee." In the four great centres—Providence, New York, New Bedford, and Boston—formal gatherings were had by the Sons and Daughters of Newport, who reside in those cities, and organizations were perfected.

At Providence there was a very large and enthusiastic meeting, an account of the proceedings of which is given in the following notice taken from the Providence Daily Journal:—

.. The forthcoming Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of the summer capital of Little Rhody, on July 4th, promises to be a

memorable occasion, and it is anticipated that there will be a general response to the invitation to participate in the festivities of the occasion, from representatives in all parts of the country. In Providence and vicinity it has been estimated that there are between three hundred and four hundred Sons and Daughters, and with a view to making preliminary arrangements for a representation at the anniversary, a meeting was held in Burrow's hall, High Street, last evening, and was attended by nearly one hundred and thirty ladies and gentlemen, who evinced a lively interest in the proceedings.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. David H. Weeden, and Mr. Freeborn Coggeshall was chosen Chairman, and David H. Weeden, Secretary. The Chairman stated the object of the meeting, and a committee consisting of Messrs. R. M. Sherman, George A. Freeborn, John S. Palmer, George Edward Allen, John S. Cottrell, and Mrs. Thomas Mumford and Mrs. John S. Palmer, to secure the names of those desirous of attending the Re-Union. The names of those in the hall were readily obtained, and it was estimated that upward of 200 would doubtless be secured. Some discussion was then had relative to the adoption of an appropriate badge, and it was voted to wear a white silk badge with gilt lettering, 'Providence Re-Union at Newport—July 4th, 1884.' A committee, consisting of Messrs. David H. Weeden and George Edward Allen, was selected to procure the badges at a cost not to exceed twenty-five cents each. Mr. Allen gave notice that they could be obtained at his office, No. 32 Exchange Place, on and after June 25th. Col. Theodore A. Barton was unanimously chosen marshal of the Providence organization. It being suggested that it was intended to call upon a representative from Providence to respond at the Re-Union exercises, it was voted that Messrs. William H. Henderson, Richard M. Sherman and Freeborn Coggeshall be authorized to engage a respondent for the Providence delegation. The name of Judge Randolph was suggested by one or two gentlemen, but no action was taken. It was voted to hold another meeting, at the same place, on the evening of the 24th inst., at the same hour, to listen to the report of the committees."

On the 18th day of June a number of Newporters met at Young's hotel, in Boston, to consider the question of their proposed participation in the festivities incident to the Fourth of July. Rev. Solon Bush was elected Chairman, and Mr. S. S. Ward was assigned to the Secretaryship of the meeting. An

executive committee, consisting of Messrs. Hazard Stevens, W. C. Langley, Jr., Howard M. Barker, R. P. Boss, Joshua Hammond, S. S. Ward, and Thomas Downing, was appointed to make all necessary arrangements which were to include the procurement of suitable badges, a band, etc. At a subsequent meeting it was decided that Rev. Solon Bush should respond for the Boston delegation, and that he should be followed by Mrs. Clara P. Boss, who had offered to contribute a poem for the occasion.

New York provides homes for a large number of the Sons and Daughters of Newport, and they, too, entered most enthusiastically into the idea of swelling the hosts that were to attend the Re-Union. Soon after the Newport authorities decided upon the project, the New Yorkers appointed a committee of fifteen—Messrs. William G. Peckham, Chairman; John C. Haddock, Treasurer; A. M. Chace, Corresponding Secretary; Herbert D. Hammett, Recording Secretary; Philander Shaw, Chairman of the Reception Committee; Edward W. Gould, Francis Lawton, Jr., George T. Finch, William T. Bull, Peleg B. Spooner, Arthur Dudley Vinton, Joseph B. Tompkins, Walter Nichols, Edmond White, and Edward Van Zandt—to arrange for the visit to this City. From among these gentlemen, a sub-committee was appointed for the purpose of perfecting plans for a reception of the friends of the New York delegation, and which was to be held at the State House on the evening of the great day. The loyal Sons and Daughters in New York sent not only words of encouragement to the Newport Committee, but offers of monetary assistance. It is scarcely necessary to say that the former were gratefully accepted, but the latter were respectfully declined. The New Yorkers decided that Mr. Philander Shaw, Mr. William G. Peckham, and Mr. Francis Lawton should be the orators for their delegation.

Much interest in the matter was felt in New Bedford, where an organization was early formed with Mr. Thomas Coggeshall as Chairman, and Mr. Robert C. Topham as Secretary. Systematic efforts were made to bring a large delegation,

every Newporter in New Bedford being notified by the local committee as well as by the Correspondence Committee. The result was very satisfactory to all concerned. Mr. Benjamin Pitman, a venerable member of the delegation, was appointed to respond for his colleagues, and the selection proved to be a most happy one.

In the meantime the members of the General Committee did not relax their efforts in the direction of making a success of the Re-Union. More than twenty meetings of this Committee were held, and from the important business transacted at each it did not appear as if even one of them could have been dispensed with. The sub-committees, too, were compelled to meet with equal frequency, and it is not surprising to find, therefore, that the total number of the sessions of the various managers of the affair far exceeded one hundred.

In order to increase the interest in the proposed festival, and to obtain a result that should be worthy of the occasion, it was deemed advisable to invite the co-operation of the various organizations and societies in town, and it is most agreeable to be able to record the fact that there was not one of them but what manifested, directly or indirectly, a pleasant concern in the Re-Union, and lent generous aid either in committee or on the festal day. If ever there was an occasion when the entire truth of the saying, 'A great many can help one, but one cannot help a great many,' was apparent, the Re-Union was one, for the influence for good which the delegates from the several organizations brought manifested itself from the very first meeting they attended until the affair was at an end.

During the preparations for the great event there was one matter which, for some time, gave the Committee considerable concern, and that was the difficulty in securing a lot suitable for the erection of the mammoth tent in which the chief exercises were to be held. While this matter was in the hands of the Committee of the whole the obstacles appeared almost insurmountable, but directly it was passed over to one of their number—Ex-Mayor Swinburne—to deal with as his

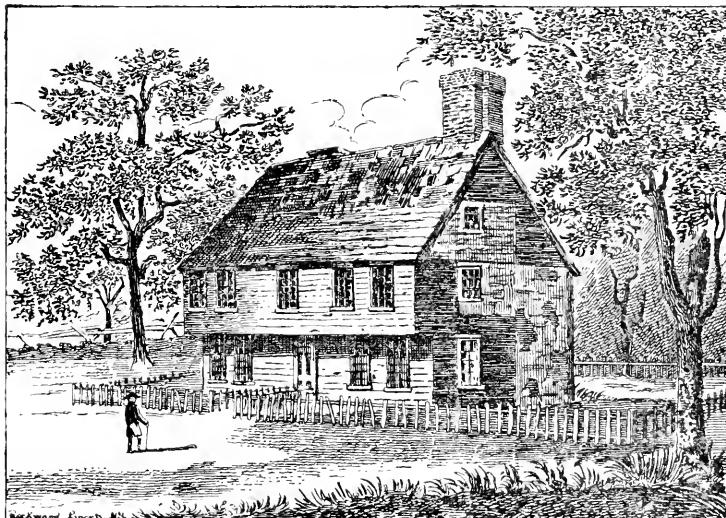
judgment dictated, all difficulty appeared to vanish, and a spot was secured which, for its natural attractions, and the general convenience it afforded, could not be surpassed in its appropriateness for use on such an occasion. The selection of Mr. Swinburne to represent the Committee in this particular was a wise one; the choice by that gentleman of the Izard lot, where were to be dealt out the food for the body and lofty thought for the mind in such generous quantities, was an equally satisfactory proceeding.

As time went by the responsibilities of the Committee were rendered less heavy by the conspicuous generosity of several wealthy citizens and summer residents of Newport. There are occasions when the selection of names in such a connection would be invidious, but this is not believed to be one, for the eminent liberality of Mr. George Peabody Wetmore, Mr. George H. Norman, Mrs. M. A. King, and other native New- porters, and also of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Mr. W. G. Weld, Mr. J. N. A. Griswold, and others, who have their summer homes here, can evoke nothing but admiration from the people at large, even as it did, together with a feeling of deep gratitude, from the committee having charge of the arrangements. As the financial responsibility began to be lessened, the weight of the other burdens also grew lighter, and from about the middle of June there appeared to be nothing but pretty plain sailing. There was, however, one other matter which, for a time, was a source of much anxiety to the Committee, and that was the position in which the Fire Department found itself. No more loyal or patriotic set of men can be found in Newport than those who comprise the roll of membership of Newport's Fire Department. From the moment when active preparations for the Re-Union celebration were commenced, these citizens manifested an earnest desire to assist in bringing about a success by taking part in the procession and rendering aid in other directions. At one time, however, it was doubtful whether they would be able to appear on the great day, as it was thought by many that it would be improper to put the City to the expense of the large

number of horses necessary for the Department's vehicles. Here was a dilemma to be sure, but, fortunately, and thanks once more to the energy of the Chairman, and the kindness of several citizens, it was overcome, for, when the matter was brought to the attention of Captain Waters, he had no difficulty in securing from the Newport Ice Company, Messrs. Swinburne, Peckham & Co., Mr. James B. Finch, Messrs. Perry Brothers, Mr. Frank Morgan, Mr. Charles S. Murray, and Messrs. G. B. Reynolds & Co., all the equine quadrupeds necessary for the Department. And thus was secured to the Re-Union procession what proved to be one of its most attractive features.

Not by any means the least important sub-committee, was that which was appointed to arrange all the details incident to feeding the thousands of guests. Indeed, it is an open question as to whether it may not be considered to have been the Committee upon whose doings more anxious eyes were turned than any other, for, however grand might have been the procession, however glorious the weather, and however high the order of the after-dinner oratory, the whole would have been sadly clouded had the efforts of the Collation Committee to please been unsuccessful. For reasons which were deemed satisfactory to themselves, the original committee tendered their resignations, and a new Committee, consisting of General Burdick, Alderman Kaull, and Mr. Lewis Brown, assumed charge of the matter. To provide a meal for three thousand persons and give satisfaction was no small undertaking, but there can be no question but what these three gentlemen performed their duties most successfully. Their selection of Mr. George Washington as the caterer for the immense concourse of people was a wise one, and gave entire satisfaction. There were other sub-committees who did the work assigned them faithfully and well. These included the Committee on Carriages, Messrs. A. L. Burdick and G. P. Lawton: the Police Committee, Messrs. W. O. Greene, T. Burlingham, and L. Brown; the Reception Committee; the Committee on Badges, of which Col. Landers was Chair-

man: a Committee on Athletic Sports, comprising Alderman Cottrell, General Burdick, and Mr. John Gilpin: and others. The chief end and aim of each member of the Committee appeared to be to make the Re-Union a success, and how nearly they attained their desire the public are well able to judge.



THE CODDINGTON HOUSE.

CHAPTER VI.

JUST BEFORE THE FOURTH.

The time had now arrived when the labors of the Committee were light, as compared with those they had performed during the preceding weeks of worry and excitement. It is scarcely necessary to say that every member of the Committee realized the near approach of the day for the Re-Union with thankfulness. But this feeling was not accompanied by perfect equanimity: for, while it was a source of much satisfaction to know that the labors in this connection were soon to come to an end, the anxiety for the general success of the celebration increased as the occasion drew near. One source of solicitude was, of course, a fear lest the elements might prove unfavorable. Over this matter the Committee had no control, but the knowledge of that fact brought but little relief to their anxious minds. Some anxiety was caused, too, by the non-arrival of the consent of General Hancock, commanding the Division of the East, for the troops stationed at Fort Adams to participate in the parade. A Newport procession, on a public occasion, without the presence of the Fort troops, is not generally regarded as an entire success, and that was the reason why such an earnest desire had been expressed that the military representatives of Uncle Sam should take part, especially as Commodore Luce had accepted an invitation on behalf of the naval branch of the service as represented in this neighborhood. It was not until the first day of July that it became definitely known that the Fort troops would occupy positions in the line. The Committee were very much gratified by General Hancock's action, for it gave to the procession an additional marked feature.

The week during which the Re-Union was to be held had arrived. The citizens generally had become thoroughly

aroused: the housewives, particularly, were interested and busily engaged making preparations for the reception of guests from abroad. Many of those Sons and Daughters who were compelled to travel long distances in order to reach the home of their childhood, arrived before the Fourth, the first to put in appearance being from Texas, while the next to arrive were two ladies from Chicago. This was about one week previous to the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. From that time on, not a train or steamboat arrived but what brought a greater or lesser number of the absent ones, and for two or three days previous to the Re-Union day they came in large numbers. There was no mistaking this fact, for one could not turn in any direction without observing scores of strange faces. Then, too, the frequent hand-shakings, and the little knots of visitors and citizens, which were to be observed in every part of the town, all tended to convince the least interested person that something unusual was going on, and that the citizens proper were not the only individuals concerned in it.

There is no gainsaying the fact that it was a great week—a week the sweet and tender memories of which will give pleasure to all who were interested, so long as life and reason last. Scarcely anything else was spoken of, or thought of, than the Re-Union. Word was received from far and near that the approaching celebration was to be attended by hosts of Newport's absent children: but, emphatic as were the messages, no one looked for such an influx as the day brought. Wanderers came not only from every part of their native land, but also from several foreign countries, in which, for years, they had made their homes. By these latter, especially, was manifested the greatest delight upon returning to their native shore and heath. The years that had passed since departing from the scenes of their childhood had not interfered with their love of home, but the feeling expressed in the lines

Home-sickness is a wasting pang:
This feel I hourly more and more,

had been the experience many a time and oft, and they evi-

dently were of the opinion that "one can never become a stranger to one's Fatherland."

These returning ones accustomed as they were, in the majority of instances, to witnessing rapid improvements around the spots to which they had bent their steps for home and fortune, could not fail to observe the vast changes for the better which had been wrought in and about their "dear old Newport." Not a few came back for the first time since Newport had become a city—a change in her form of municipal government that had been made for more than thirty years: two, certainly, had not visited their native heath since, as young and hopeful man and wife, they had gone forth to the then far, far West, little dreaming that their golden wedding would be celebrated ere they returned, septuagenarians, to greet the few remaining friends of their childhood and youth; scores—nay, hundreds—who, since their departure from "home," had taken a husband or wife, as the case might be, came bringing their offspring who were to look for the first time upon the birthplace of one of their parents. And all found a cordial welcome.

The Committee had, in the meantime, been making arrangements for the formal reception and recognition of these returning Sons and Daughters. There was no one place where the work of registration could be successfully performed, and therefore, it was determined to arrange to have a headquarters for each of the delegations from the four great centres, namely, New York, New Bedford, Providence, and Boston. From Mr. Benjamin Easton, Jr., the High Sheriff of the County, the Committee obtained the Representatives' Chamber in the State House, for the use of the New York delegation: through the kindness of the trustees of Rhode Island Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., the Newporters from New Bedford were enabled to gather in the pleasant hall of that organization: the authorities of Charles E. Lawton Post, No. 5, G. A. R., placed, at the disposal of the Committee, their charming headquarters in Mr. H. E. Read's building, for the Boston delegation; the offi-

cers of the First Methodist Episcopal Church most kindly gave assent to the suggestion that their vestry should be used for the Providence delegates, and the City and Probate Clerks, Messrs. W. G. Stevens and A. N. Barker, respectively, gave the use of their offices for the registration of such persons as came from places other than the four cities named.

The Re-Union Committee had placed in the hands of their Secretary the entire charge of the work of registration, and empowered him to select such assistants as he might deem advisable. It is needless to say that the undertaking was laborious as well as tedious. To assist him in the work the Secretary invited Messrs. Edward Newton, William J. Cozzens, William P. Sheffield, Jr., and Christopher M. Lee, of the Correspondence Committee, and also Messrs. William G. Stevens, Alexander N. Barker, Edward L. Spencer, Andrew J. Quinn, Benjamin F. Bliss, and Horatio B. Wood. Messrs. Newton and Spencer were placed in charge of the New York delegation; Messrs. Sheffield and Wood were located at Odd Fellows Hall; Messrs. Lee and Quinn did duty at the First Methodist Church Vestry; Messrs. Cozzens and Bliss registered those who came from Boston, and Messrs. Stevens and Barker took charge of the registration at the City Hall. It is gratifying to be able to record the fact that each and every one of these ten assistants labored with marked fidelity and intelligence, and received, as they certainly deserved, not only expressions of gratitude from the Secretary, but also from the entire Committee. At each one of the headquarters there was a steady stream of visitors during the day preceding the celebration. As each person registered, he or she was given a Re-Union badge, which secured "proper recognition in all the ceremonies of the (Re-Union) day." While less than fifteen hundred persons registered, it is estimated that there were in town more than eight times that number who were entitled to do so. The names of those who registered, and their residences, are given in the latter part of the book.

The day before that upon which the celebration was held,

proved to be a most busy one for all concerned, the Committee being busily engaged putting the finishing touches upon the various details arranged for the great event. Colonel Albert C. Landers, who had been selected by the Committee to decorate, as well as to illuminate, the public buildings and places, was busy, with a large corps of assistants, in putting the old town in holiday attire. Mr. Lander's efforts in this direction were most successful. Welcoming arches had been erected and the monster tent was in position. Finally, there remained but little to do save await with complacency the arrival of the long looked-for and important day. Special trains and steamboats brought hundreds into the City. The Boston and New Bedford delegations arrived by the cars at six o'clock, and later in the evening the former, accompanied by the Dahlgren fife and drum corps, made things quite lively, serenading Captain John Waters, the Chairman, and Mr. F. G. Harris, the Secretary of the Re-Union Committee, Mayor Franklin, Mr. L. F. Attleton, Mr. J. G. Weaver, Mr. G. Washington, Mr. B. W. Pearce, General Burdick, Mr. H. F. Barnard, and other well known citizens. Then as

The shades of night were falling fast,

thousands of citizens and visitors wended their way to Touro Park where the Re-Union Committee had arranged for an elaborate illumination of that mystery of mysteries, the Old Stone Mill. Strings of Chinese and Japanese lanterns extended from the ground to the summit of the flag-staff, and, with the aid of large quantities of red and green fire, and the electric lights which flashed forth, from numerous points, their brilliancy upon the spreading foliage, made a long to be remembered scene. The Newport, United States ship New Hampshire, and Fourth United States Artillery bands were in the Park, and enlivened the proceedings with delightful music until, towards midnight, the immense crowd dispersed to their homes and temporary abodes, where, while held by Morpheus, they were to dream of the great festival which the coming day was to inaugurate.

CHAPTER VII.

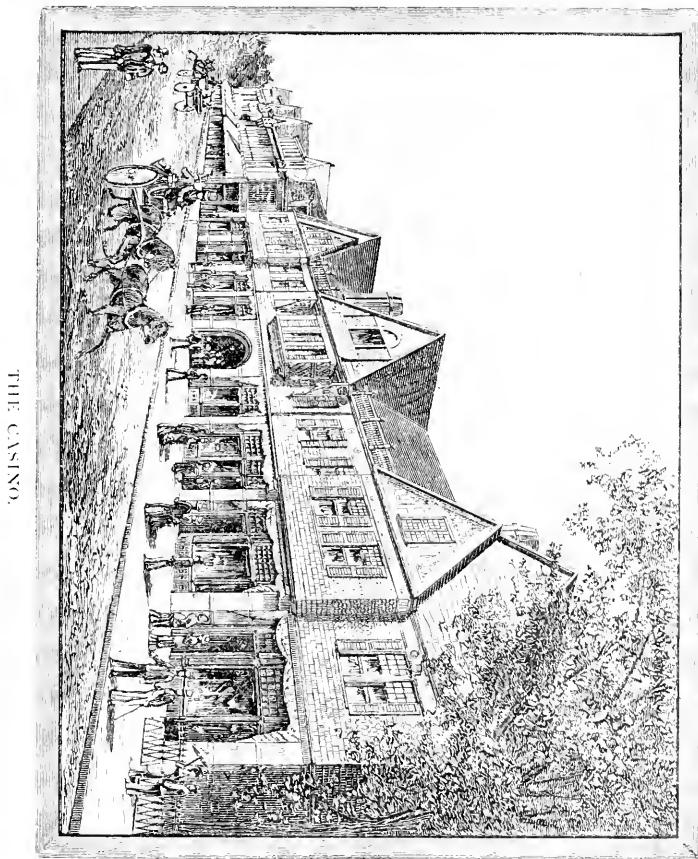
THE DAY AND THE OCCASION.

In the early grey light of the morning of the Fourth, an observer turned back upon its creaking hinges the door to the cupola of the old State House, to gain one last, farewell glance at the fair City-by-the-sea, as she lay resting in festal array, before springing into activity and banishing the opportunity forever. Below the grey-haired spectator, the City slept, recovering from the toils of one day for the festivities of the next: the gaily decorated and garlanded streets and avenues radiating and branching in various directions from his standpoint. At particular spots the color appeared to be grouped in masses, especially about Touro Park, some distance to the south. Here but a few hours before, beneath the mingled banners and illuminations as they rose in great, glowing curves to the top of the tall staffs, and swayed gently to and fro in the evening breeze, and while melody from the military bands resounded on every side, he had received his first welcome home. Now, all was quiet. Far in the east the bright, red, morning sunbeams heralded another of Newport's glorious, golden summer days, revealing faintly the passing sail, half-hidden by the early mists, away to the south, and touching with loving reflection the dark, beetling Cliffs—so familiar, yet so changed. Above and beyond them, bright bits of color streamed in the morning breeze over the princely cottages, testifying to the general fellow-feeling and congratulation which the day itself, the event celebrated, and its associations called forth throughout the City. His gaze then swept over the wooded heights to the southward, resting at length on the massive outlines of the Fort, with its grey masonry barely rising above the dark-green earthworks, and bastions: these, together with the small village of residences on the hillock beyond, bore bright evidences of holiday attire, and above which still lingered the

light cloud from the morning gun. Later, at the sound of reveille, their inmates sprang, as it were, into activity, and hurried hither and thither engaged in the final preparations, and giving the finishing touches to apparel, accoutrement and field-piece, for the noon-day march in the City over the bay. The whole scene was instinct with life, color and action, as the varied military duties were quickly despatched.

Not less enlivening was the scene upon the government vessels lying in the outer harbor. Long curving lines of brilliantly hued pennons, flags and streamers ran from the bowsprit over the tops of the towering masts to the stern, while amid the dense, black network between mast and spar, were seen bright bits of bunting in striking contrast to the white canvas and gleaming golden-hued wood work of the Saratoga, Jamestown, and New Hampshire. No sooner had the morning salute flashed forth its welcome, than from the last named vessel the white-jacketed boys clambered out upon the island green-sward with their howitzers to prepare, likewise, for the triumphal procession. Nearer at hand, in the inner harbor, the gracefully moulded hulls of costly pleasure craft rocked lazily at their anchorage in the placid, tranquil waters, scarcely rippled by the morning breeze as it swept over the hill-tops. About, over their dark exteriors gleamed the polished trimmings, while from stem to stern, from peak to peak, fluttered long brilliant festoons of naval and yacht signals flashing forth gay salutation and good cheer. Thus decorated was the Norseman, owned by Mr. Ogden Goelet; the Intrepid, the property of Mr. Lloyd Phoenix; the Meteor, of Mr. T. L. Parkes; the Triton, of Mr. Harvey E. Dodge; the Theresa, of Mr. Joseph Fiske; the Vixen, of Mr. Frank C. Lawerence; the Wenonah, of Mr. James Stillman, while away among the other yachts that gracefully tossed their holiday ribbons as the occasional rollers swept in were the Magnolia, owned by Prof. Fairman Rogers; the Lucilla, by Mr. Walter Green; the Rena, by E. H. Townsend; the Stranger, by Mr. E. S. Jaffray; the Twilight, from Providence; the Waif, from Bristol; the Freizen, of New York;

the Undine, of Fall River, and the Scion, of Taunton. Waving bunting of divers hues streamed, also, near at hand, over the great steamers and workshops of the Old Colony Company.



But while the solitary observer was lost in mingled admiration of the moving, spirited scene and the reverie caused by the stirring, deep-toned notes of the bells that brought back the past so vividly, the moments sped by and the City below roused into life and noisy, bustling work. From the northward and from the southward, among the verdant islets, as

they floated upon the calm waters, there continually grew into the field of vision brightly decorated steamers gradually swelling in size; the melody, rising from a chance, scarcely perceptible, tinkling to a full burst of martial music; the tone of rejoicing thousands, from an indistinct murmur to the voice of the multitude. The yellow clouds of dust rolling from the suburban roads, heralded constant arrivals from those directions, while skirting along the harbor's shores crept the long lines of martial red and naval blue. Far and wide, from house-top, casement, and flag-staff fluttered, streamed, and snapped bunting of all colors and form, below resounded the hoarse roll of the drum, the tramp of soldiery, the rattle of hoofs and of arms, and the confused hubbub of a swaying, pushing, surging, shouting throng beneath the wide-spreading elm trees of the Park. With a sigh the spectator closed the door and a few moments later was lost in the crowd.

Over the brown exterior of the building this intent observer had just quitted, and from ridgepole to ridgepole, bunting was displayed in the most attractive way. Streamers floated across its face from corner to corner, surrounding the central balcony in graceful festoons. Upon this, artistically draped and partially entwined, were banners bearing the bright colors and contrasted designs of the cross of St. George, the French tricolor and the Stars and Stripes—significant allusions to the stirring and momentous events that had taken place beneath its strong and still serviceable walls, during their truly eventful one hundred and fifty years history. These episodes found still further expression in the paintings of patriotic ideals, industries, and State emblems and mottoes that everywhere shone amid the folds of bunting fancifully disposed over the exterior; that bearing the greeting, "Welcome," and surrounded by the arms of the State forming the central device over the entrance. Here, as elsewhere throughout the City, taste rather than profusion characterized the adornments. Directly in front of the State House and from either side of the street, rose a triumphal arch of evergreens, leaves, and flowers among which glistened the

colored inscription, "Welcome to our Island Home," the entire structure bearing evidence of the good taste of Committeeman Wilbor. Chief among the tastefully decorated edifices facing Washington Square, were the National Exchange bank building, the City Hall, the Perry House, and the residence of Mr. Augustus Goffe, who displayed the motto of "Welcome Home" used by him in 1859. On the front of the first the S. R. Club had placed amid the flags an appropriate motto, "Wealth below, Happiness above." Amid the profusion of streamers, banners, pennons and flags, that floated in every direction over the City Hall, was hung a heroic picture of Commerce, Columbia being surrounded by the evidences of trade, agriculture and manufacture, on every side. The plain, vertical face of the Perry House, with its iron balconies, seemed to offer at first sight but little scope for the decorator's art: yet a graceful festooning of variegated bunting about door and window, of the one, and a fanciful intertwining and skillful adjustment of its folds over the dark railings of the other, bearing, as they did, stands of national colors, completely transformed the hotel's exterior in the most surprising way. About on every side extended the decorations, changing Washington Square into a perfect blaze of color, which was continued in almost unending and unbroken waves and undulations by garland, festoon, and flag far down the line of march. Thames Street, with old-time, familiar narrowness of roadway and unevenness of shop exteriors, was almost unrecognizable, and well nigh lost the diversity between the tall, modern blocks with their plate-glass fronts, and the modest, weather-beaten, old-fashioned dwellings that nestled close beside them with their unique architecture, pointed gables, diminutive windows, quaint cornices, and wainscoted halls, which, however, amid all their vicissitudes of a hundred years or more, had resounded with the joyous accents of no more festive occasion than the present. Overhead the slowly moving banners, festoons and streamers formed a partial canopy, and, too, a resplendent though scant protection from the fierce rays of a July sun that poured down pitilessly, scarcely tempered by

the morning breezes, into the narrow streets, courts, and avenues, crowded, as they were, to suffocation at prominent points. The immense masses of humanity, displaying in general the greatest possible combinations of life and color, ever changing in kaleidoscopic variety in grouping and striking effects as the brilliant, contrasted tints from summer costume and uniform shifted hither and thither, formed the most inspiring and enlivening spectacle.

Such was the scene as viewed from the main thoroughfare. The handsome manner in which the United States Hotel, fronting on this street, had been adorned for the occasion, was the subject of very general remark. There, also, good taste took the place of a profusion and confusion of bunting. From Thames Street, at the head of Commercial Wharf, one could discern the fact that Mr. Lawton Coggeshall had thrown to the breeze from his place of business a large and handsome new flag bearing thereon the words, "Welcome Home." This was the first greeting which was extended to the many thousands of returning ones who landed from the numerous steamers.

The vast moving throngs overflowed the streets to the pavement, surged over verandas, and through the windows overlooking the route of march, and, also, filled higher prominent positions whence a view of the rejoicing multitude could be gained. Generally and generously were the dwellings ornamented along the line of march, though of more elaborate character and more noticeable design in the central portion of the City, and, also, at especial points. Conspicuous among these were the hotels not already mentioned, and which were dressed in holiday adornments at great expenditure of time, money, and skill. The surroundings of the Aquidneck House were entirely favorable for the plans of the art decorator, and well did he utilize them. From a point near the ridgepole, ribbon-like streamers stretched from an immense dazzling rosette in long curves to the neighboring edifices. Behind, and displayed in fanciful figures and striking designs on the white exterior, were arranged many-colored flags of

all shapes and sizes, bright ribbons, rosettes, pennons, gathered in rich folds about door and window, about glittering banner and shield. Amid this mass of blazing color stood a life size representation of the well known, noble face and figure of Washington, occupying a central position on the front of the building, while over the front entrance shone in bright letters the appropriate and convivial greeting, "Welcome to our Honored Guests." These, grouped about at ease upon balcony, veranda, and greensward, gave the requisite animation and tone of good cheer to the scene.

A few steps up the hill brought one in view of the Ocean House, which presented by far the grandest and most imposing display of decorations. At first sight it appeared but one great, pulsating mass of color. A nearer approach, however, showed with what artistic taste and elegance the ordinary aspect had been so transformed, though the immense piazzas and massive projections afforded a grand basis for work of the kind. To the peaks of the tall, slender flag-staffs, from which waved the national colors, streamed from the estates on either side in resplendent curves heavy folds of bunting, falling again in fantastic shapes from staff to gable, from gable to cornice, from cornice to casement. The colors of all nations were grouped in well contrasted stands and placed at prominent points over the exterior; from these fluttered pennons, drooping in folds to other projections and being concealed at length under the draperies profusely arranged over the front of the hotel. Among the tall columns and their cross-beams that front and flank the piazzas, were entwined brightly colored bands which wound in every direction and depended on all sides, forming a perfect network above and about the crowds of chattering groups that thronged the verandas and terraces. Amid this wealth of drapery, over door and window, between casements, and surrounded by bunting, displayed in diamond, rectangular, and star-like shapes and also in manifold curves, gleamed, at suitable points, paintings, shields, banners, and other dazzling emblems, surrounding, as a whole, the life size representation of Columbia.

So generous and widespread was the effort at ornamentation that it would be, of course, impossible to recognize the praiseworthy zeal and liberality exhibited by every citizen in this regard; but among those on or near the line of march whose efforts in this matter were exceptionally elaborate and attracted general comment were General A. L. Burdick, whose display of banners, flags and patriotic mottoes was especially fine, Mr. Charles H. Burdick, Mr. Lewis Brown, Alderman Waters, Mayor Franklin, Mr. George Peirce, Mr. C. M. Lee, Mr. W. J. Underwood, Mr. A. C. Titus, whose liberal decorations surrounded the suggestive sentiment, "Yours by Nativity, Ours by Choice," Mr. Thomas Gladding, Mr. Augustus Goffe, "the Bee Hive," Mr. C. F. Frasch, Mr. R. L. Oman, Mr. W. E. Dennis, Mr. W. B. Sherman, Jr., Mr. John Rogers, Messrs. Carry Bros., Col. Julius Sayer, Mr. J. D. Richardson, Mr. B. F. Downing, Jr., Mr. J. B. F. Denman, Mr. F. W. Greene, Mr. J. M. K. Southwick, Mr. C. E. Hammett, Messrs. Sullivan & Burke, Mr. Carl Hertgen, Mr. W. J. Swinburne, Mr. F. G. Harris, Messrs. Caswell, Hazard & Co., the Newport Gas Company, Mr. J. P. Sanborn, the "One Price Clothing Store," Mr. T. M. Seabury, Mr. J. E. Seabury, Messrs. Caswell, Massey & Co., Messrs. J. H. Cozzens & Son, Messrs. Davis & Pitman, and numerous others.

Many, in order to escape discomfiture from the sultry heat and the jostling, hurrying crowds in the City, betook themselves to the gentle acclivity in Izard's lot, where they could enjoy the unrivalled view of the bay and the light, refreshing sea breeze, and behold the speedy preparations made under the vast tent for the banquet. Just without this, from a long and narrow smouldering mass, arose an appetizing aroma from a good, old-fashioned, Rhode Island clam bake. Jets of steam spurted through the cracks in the weather-beaten sail-cloth, beneath which the brown sea-weed hissed, writhed snake-like, popped and shriveled upon the dark, red stones, while above, the bivalves groaned and sputtered as they surrendered their lives in behalf of freedom and festiv-

ity, and the golden ears and dusky lobsters seemed to catch the glow from the pebbles underneath.

While some attendants mixed cooling beverages, others gave the finishing touches to the tent and its contents, adjusting a flag or garland here, or arranging a bouquet or boutonniere there. Beautiful, indeed, was the aspect the pavilion presented when the carpenters, under the efficient direction of Mr. Charles H. Burdick, had driven the last nail and tightened the last rope, and when the decorator had hung the last motto-bearing device, and laid down the last flower. Acres of gleaming linen in long lines, extending from north-east to south-west and running the length of the enclosure, bore a sparkling array of silver, glass ware, and china, enhanced in effect by bits of color from bouquet, fruit, and viand. On the western side a large platform, also adorned with plants, flower, and flag in the most charming way, supported the banquet for the speakers and other distinguished guests. A vacant space in front of this was, moreover, beautified by clumps of tropical plants and flowers generously provided for the occasion by Mrs. August Belmont and Mr. Harry Stevens, who were fully in sympathy with the event and its associations. To the southward from the grand stand extended the three tables for the Providence delegation, close beside whom the Boston party was to sit, while the next three tables were reserved for the prodigals from New York, and the last two for the New Bedford representatives. A few tables to the left of the platform were to be apportioned to the miscellaneous delegations, while those not utilized in this way would accommodate the remainder of the participants in the procession.

Meanwhile the barely audible tones of the bells, the muffled reports of fire-arms and fireworks, the faint strains of music, distinguishable above the low, swelling monotone of popular clamor, gave evidences of the approach of the procession. These gradually increased in volume, distinctness, and significance till the distinguished guests entered, escorted by the Committee in charge. Following came the visitors in a con-

tinuous stream till the various positions assigned to the several delegations were occupied. From the elevated stand the scene was most impressive, accompanied as it was by a perfect babel of voices. Far on either side, extended the sea of faces. Immediately on the left and right, a most charming effect was given to the contrasted toilets of the ladies, while beyond stretched long lines of martial gold and red in brilliant contrast to civilian costume, the white suits of the apprentice boys, and the firemen's attire. Behind them were heaped the musical instruments, the drums, the banners, notably that of the Boston delegation which bore a picture of the Old Mill with appropriate mottoes upon a blue ground, and, moreover, the variegated and fancifully decorated Japanese parasols which their bearers found so picturesque and useful upon the march.



STONE MILL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PROCESSION.



WHITEHALL.

might have in the ability of the gentleman to arrange the details of such a monster procession as the Re-Union day witnessed, it was not thought possible for him to so marshal the various forces as to avoid the wearisome delay which usually marks such occasions. But he did, and the result was that much of the pleasure experienced during the day, had its origin in that fact.

Washington Square had been selected as the spot from which the procession was to start. While the Square and lower Touro Street combined are quite capacious, they were not sufficiently so to enable every section of the line to find a halting place within their limits, and the result was that several adjacent thoroughfares had to be utilized for that purpose. The assistant marshals experienced considerable difficulty in getting the numerous divisions into the localities which had been assigned to them, but the exercise of much forbearance, coupled with strict attention to their duties, enabled them, finally, to overcome every obstacle and report to their Chief that all was in readiness.

Meanwhile the various members of the Reception Committee had been busily engaged in welcoming eminent

The punctuality with which the procession started, and also arrived at the tent, caused many a compliment to be paid to the Chief Marshal. Indeed, not a few people marveled when, within five minutes of the appointed time, he gave the order for the line to move, for however much faith

guests from abroad. They had established headquarters at the Aquidneck House, the United States Hotel, and the Perry House, and at each of the two latter hostelleries had an elegant collation served during the morning. The Committee made the Perry House their chief headquarters, and there His Excellency, Governor Bourn, was escorted on his arrival from Bristol, whence he came on one of Herreshoff's swift launches. Awaiting His Excellency were Ex-Mayor Slocum, Chairman of the Reception Committee, and several of his associates. As the Governor entered the handsomely decorated parlor, Chairman Slocum, with a dignity and suavity of manner that invariably characterizes him on such occasions, approached him, and while presenting him with a magnificent bouquet of rare flowers, addressed words of welcome to the distinguished guest as follows:—

May it please your Excellency:—

In behalf of the Committee of Reception, I extend to you a cordial welcome to the ancient capital of the State. Our hospitalities are not bountiful, but such as we have, we gratefully tender to you. We feel honored by the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the State to share with us in the celebration of the birthday of this great nation. This lovely island was desolated by the revolutionary struggle for a time. During that war everything in this place, save the endurance and patriotism of its people, appeared to be crushed by the power of our public enemy, and the prosperity of our people long languished from the wounds then inflicted, yet to-day with one voice they congratulate themselves upon the glorious results of the Revolution. With one accord we welcome you here to share in our festivities upon this interesting occasion, not only as the Chief Magistrate of the State, but because of the many excellencies of your personal character.

To this exceedingly fitting address, Governor Bourn made the following response:

Mr. Chairman:—

I thank you, sir, for the kind manner in which you have welcomed me to the hospitality of the City of Newport. It gives me very great pleasure to be able to visit your beautiful City to-day, to meet so many of my personal friends—and to join in the festivities of the occasion.

The patriotism of your people is, I am convinced, no less endur-

ing to-day than it was a hundred years or more ago when they endured the hardships of a hostile occupation.

It is certainly very appropriate, while you recall to-day the glorious deeds of your fathers in defence of our national liberties, to gather the Sons and Daughters of Newport from every section of the land—to revive the associations of your early days—and to devote yourselves anew to preserve and perpetuate the liberties inherited from your ancestors.



THAMES STREET.

While these pleasant ceremonies were in progress, the hurrying hither and thither by the Assistant Marshals, the martial strains from numberless instruments, and the ever increasing throng on Washington Square, told plainly that the hour for the line to move was rapidly approaching. The lower floor of the State House which had, for an hour or more, been filled with scores of handsomely uniformed officers of the Army, Navy and militia, and also with many distinguished civilians, was now emptied, the last of these having been escorted to the carriages provided for them. Outside the

State House, mounted on a gayly caparisoned steed, and supported on either side by an aid, was Chief Marshal Swinburne, waiting for the words, "Sir, my division is in readiness," to come from the last assistant to report. Finally the hour of eleven struck, the last report was received, and then the line moved in the following

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Police Officers Driscoll and G. A. Wilcox, mounted.

Assistant Marshal A. L. BURDICK.

4th United States Artillery Band.

Battalion of the 4th U. S. Artillery, Major Roder, commanding.

Battery E, Lieutenant Anderson, commanding.

Battery D, Lieutenant Ennis, commanding.

Battery G, Lieutenant Gerard, commanding.

U. S. S. New Hampshire Band, William McQuown, leader.

Naval Brigade from the U. S. Training Squadron.

Lieutenant E. H. Green, commanding;

Lieutenant F. H. Carter, Adjutant General.

Chief Marshal J. W. SWINBURNE.

Chief Marshal's Aids, W. C. Swinburne, and W. T. Bull.

Newport Brass Band, William Mathers, leader.

Newport Artillery, Colonel G. H. Vaughan, commanding.

Carriage containing His Excellency, Governor Bourn, Mayor Franklin, and Quartermaster General Dennis.

The Governor's Personal Staff, mounted.

Carriage containing Brigadier General E. H. Rhodes, Lieutenant Colonel Chase, and Captain Manchester.

Adjutant General Dyer, and Staff, Rhode Island Militia, mounted.

Newport Light Infantry, Captain P. Schneider, commanding.

Charles E. Lawton Post, No. 5, G. A. R., Commander John McCarty.

Department Commander A. K. McMahon, Vice-Department Commander Cory, and 16 members of Staff, G. A. R., mounted.

Carriage containing Asa Lyman, John F. Bowen, B. F. Davis, and W. H. Tabor, of the G. A. R. Staff.

Carriage containing General Viall, Colonel Turner, and Colonel J. W. Lyon.

Carriage containing Dr. J. H. Taylor, T. J. L. Farrow,
R. H. Peckham, and J. S. Chase, of the G. A. R.

Carriage containing Captain Freeman Mayberry, Job Lawton, and
John H. Stoddard.

Carriage containing Benjamin T. Lawton, Samuel G. Wright, and
George Denniston.

Drag containing 38 young ladies, representing the different states.
Assistant Marshal, A. C. TIRUS.

Fall River Brass Band.

Newport Fire Department.

Chief Engineer, H. H. Tilley; Assistant Engineers, J. G. Stevens,
J. E. Lake, G. A. Brown, and A. Kirwin.

Engine Co. No. 1, G. A. Martin, foreman, 23 men.

Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, G. E. Vernon, Jr., foreman, 20 men.

Engine Co. No. 2, J. D. Pike, foreman, 28 men.

Hose Reel Co. No. 4, P. Bosworth, foreman, 13 men.

Engine Co. No. 5 and Reel, G. C. Shaw, foreman, 30 men.

Hose Reel Co. No. 6, S. Sullivan, foreman, 26 men.

Engine Co. No. 7, C. A. Easton, foreman, 31 men.

Hose Reel Co. No. 8, A. P. Sisson, foreman, 23 men.

Hercules Fire Association, 43 men and 30 ex-members and
invited guests.
Assistant Marshal HAYES.

St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association, John Martin, marshal.

Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society, Michael Butler, president.
Assistant Marshal HOWARD SMITH.

Carriage containing Chief Justice Durfee, Col. W. A. Stedman,
Alderman Waters, Chairman, and F. G. Harris, Secretary
of the Committee.

Carriage containing Councilmen Hamilton, Barker, O'Neill, and
Sullivan.

Carriage containing Councilman Stanhope, George A. Downing,
James Westgate, and William F. Lawton.

Carriage containing State Auditor Cross, Senator Seabury, and
Representatives Townsend and Carr.

Carriage containing Deputy Sheriff Lake, City Treasurer Cogges-
hall, Judge Ward, and Geo. A. Littlefield, Superintendent
of Schools.

Carriage containing John Gilpin and John G. Costello.

Carriage containing George Peabody Wetmore and Dr. H. R. Storer.

Carriage containing Alderman Langley, B. W. Pearce, J. W. Kensett, and George T. Hammond.

Assistant Marshal G. S. Perry.

Carriage containing ex-Mayor Slocum, Captain P. C. Johnson, commanding Training Fleet; Captain Gridley, commanding U. S. S. Jamestown, and Lieutenant L. C. Logan, U. S. N.

Carriage containing Paymaster Furey, and Assistant Paymaster Cowie, of the New Hampshire, Paymaster Chapman, of the Jamestown, and Henry W. Cozzens.

Carriage containing Major Fuger and Adjutant Dyer, U. S. A., and Colonel W. J. Cozzens.

Carriage containing Captain Irish, Captain Gabrielson and Lieutenant Baldwin, U. S. Revenue Marine Service, and Deputy Collector Newton.

Carriage containing Dr. Wood, clerk of the courts, Captain Draper, W. J. H. Ailman, tax collector, and Rev. F. Rector.

Carriage containing J. E. Chamberlin and T. T. Pitman.

Carriage containing C. M. Lee, B. F. Bliss, Alderman Cottrell, and Councilman Peckham.

Carriage containing John P. Samborn, Alderman Hopkins, Councilman Wilbor, and W. J. Underwood.

Carriage containing Postmaster Coggeshall, Collector J. H. Cozzens, J. J. Peckham, and H. B. Wood.

Carriage containing Rev. E. F. Clark, Rev. F. J. Cooper, and Rev. H. N. Jeter.

Carriage containing Rev. J. Hollingshead, Rev. F. W. Baker, Rev. F. F. Emerson, and Rev. A. P. Mendes.

Carriage containing President Robinson, of Brown University, Rev. M. Van Horne, Charles H. Bush, and William H. Williams.

Carriage containing W. B. Rider, John Vaughn, William H. Henderson, and Paul Dexter.

Carriage containing Orland Freeborn, Freeborn Coggeshall, James Maxon, and H. A. Howard.

Carriage containing R. C. Topham, Robert Allen, Alfred Wilson, and William D. Wilson.

Carriage containing J. S. Lewis, F. H. Evans, George Bell,
and Mr. Shaw.

Carriage containing A. K. Quinn, Richard Sherman,
and R. Dunham.

Carriage containing A. P. Bashford, U. S. N., S. W. Bush,
Marcus Bush, and J. W. Lawton.

Carriage containing T. W. Coggeshall, J. W. Cornell, and
Charles Clark.

Carriage containing Benjamin Lawton, S. Y. Dunwell, Alex. Jack,
and P. B. Sherman.

Carriage containing Peleg Clarke, H. D. Langworthy, John C. Clarke,
and George P. Lawton.

Carriage containing Wm. S. Cranston, Peter Lee, Colonel Barton,
Jas. Dowling.

Carriage containing Peter Scott, W. B. West, James S. Mason,
Jeremiah Shea, and John Downing, disabled veterans.

Carriage containing James G. Gibbs and Judge F. Wickham.

Carriage containing John S. Palmer, Rev. Alfred Manchester, and
Fred A. Stanhope.

Carriage containing Hermann Lilenthal and E. B. Mumford.
Assistant Marshal FRED M. HAMMETT.
New York Drum Corps.

Delegation of Returned Sons from New York, Wm. G.
Peckham, Chairman.

Delegation of Returned Sons from Providence, T. A. Barton, marshal.
Assistant Marshal T. W. FREEBORNE.

Drum and fife corps of Dahlgren Post, G. A. R., Boston.

Delegation of Returned Sons from Boston, Rev. Solon Bush,
Chairman.

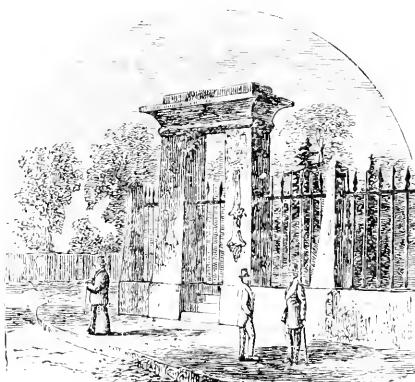
Delegation of Returned Sons from New Bedford, Thomas Cogges-
hall, Chairman.

Other returned Sons from all sections of the country.
Assistant Marshal T. G. S. TURNER.

Light Battery B. 4th U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant R. P. Strong,
commanding.

The procession was a most imposing one, and by far the
largest ever seen in this vicinity. Nearly four thousand per-

sons were in line, while tens of thousands viewed the procession along the route of march which led from Washington Square to Broadway, thence to and down Marlborough Street to Thames Street: down Thames Street to and up Franklin Street to Spring Street: along Spring Street to Broadway and Bliss road where a counter-march took place: down Broadway to and up Mann Avenue to Kay Street: along Kay Street and Bellevue Avenue to Bowery Street: down Bowery Street to Spring Street, and thence to the Izard lot, where, as already stated, the Re-Union Committee had arranged for substantial food for the bodies, and lofty and reminiscent thought for the minds of those who, whether they had journeyed from afar off, or had their permanent habitation here, assisted, in such generous numbers, in making the processional portion of the day's exercises such a charming and unqualified success.



JEWISH CEMETERY.



LANDS END.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EXERCISES AT THE TENT.

The two hours march had sharpened the appetites of those who went to make up the procession, and but little wonder was expressed, therefore, at the onslaught, made in all quarters of the monster tent, upon the choice viands which the liberality of the public and the skill of the caterer had provided. The arrangements appeared to satisfy even those who were most critically inclined, and the knowledge of that fact brought a large measure of satisfaction to every member of the Re-Union Committee, and particularly to those who were specially delegated to look after the tent and the collation.

As soon as the last delegation was seated, and the eminent guests and Committee had taken their places on the raised platform, the commanding voice of Chairman Waters was heard addressing the vast multitude as follows :

CHAIRMAN WATERS' REMARKS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

The Re-Union Day has arrived and we are not only blest with beautiful weather to assist us in enjoying it, but we are blest with

an immense attendance of returned Sons and Daughters, which, more than anything else possibly could, well repays the Committee for any labor they may have performed, or any anxiety they may have experienced, in their efforts to make the occasion the pleasant success which we now believe it to be.

It is proper that an official welcome should be extended to the returned Sons and Daughters, and I therefore beg to introduce His Honor, Mayor Franklin, who will now address you.

When the applause which greeted the conclusion of Chairman Waters' pleasant words had subsided, the Mayor arose and was most cordially received. He delivered the following address :

MAYOR FRANKLIN'S WELCOMING WORDS.

Returned Sons and Daughters:—

I greet you, and in the name and behalf of the people of Newport bid you a hearty and cordial welcome to our old City-by-the-sea. I welcome you to the place of your nativity, and of your childhood days, the dearest spot on earth—Home.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam.

His first, best country, ever is at home.

The Sons and Daughters of Newport are scattered far and wide, not only in our own country, but also in foreign lands, and, wherever they have settled, have received the confidence and respect of all with whom they have associated. To-day, many, unable to be present on this festive occasion, are looking with anxious eyes to Newport, and I have no doubt their hearts are overflowing with love for those at home, and beating with pride, in unison with our own, that they are numbered with those who claim this City as their birthplace.

How interesting this occasion! On this anniversary day, which is held sacred by every true American, we are assembled at a family gathering. Some of you are in the prime of life, others at its meridian, and not a few have arrived at a ripe old age, even beyond three score and ten. You have come to the old hearthstones to renew your fealty to the spot that gave you birth. How rapid is the flight of time! A quarter of a century has passed since the first Re-Union. Some of you were present then, others can hardly recall the scenes and festivities of that day. No one can imagine your thoughts, neither can pen describe your emotions, as you stand again, after these years, on your native soil. Change is written on all around, yet there is sufficient of old Newport to remind you of

former years. The waves of the ocean roll on our beach, and dash their spray along our rock-bound coast. The old Stone Mill, the subject of so much controversy, remains unchanged. The spire of Trinity Church still points heavenward, and the interior arrangements of that venerable edifice remind us of days of yore. Some of the friends and playmates of your early days are here, but many, and, alas, the larger number, have passed to the great beyond. Their remains lay in the silent city of the dead, and the chiseled marble marks their quiet resting place. Many of the pleasant fields, where in boyhood we engaged in youthful sports, are covered with elegant and costly dwellings. Wealth, art, and culture have added to our natural attractions, and contributed largely to the present reputation of our City.

To the old and the new, I welcome you. When, in the years to come, your thoughts return to this day, may the memories thereof be pleasant, and may each one

Deem his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

Before the speaker resumed his seat he invited the Rev. George J. Magill, rector of Trinity Church, to invoke the Divine blessing. The distinguished theologian prayed earnestly for a blessing to rest on the day and the occasion, and in most inspiring words thanked the Creator for all His mercies.

All had become hushed at the opening of the prayer, but at its close rose, louder than ever, the suggestive, tinkling music of plate and spoon. Later arose the more inspiring strains from fife and drum, cornet and flute, as the feast continued, from the various bands present. Grand, indeed, was the sight of this immense assemblage engaged in feasting and rejoicing; but, grander still was that when the thrilling, heartfelt words of the speakers roused the eager, enthusiastic auditors, as they crowded near to catch the eloquent sentences, to express their delight in bursts of the most rapturous applause.

When, at the conclusion of the meal, comparative quiet reigned, His Honor, the Mayor, once more arose and said it was his pleasing duty to introduce to them, as Toastmaster for the auspicious occasion, a gentleman whose mind well

fitted him to successfully perform the duties incident to such an honorable position. He presented Colonel William A. Stedman, whose reception by the assembled multitude must have been most gratifying to that gentleman.

The Toastmaster at once assumed the position to which he had been assigned by the Committee. The admirably worded toasts and sentiments he had prepared, and the felicitous manner in which he introduced each speaker, left a most charming impression upon every one whose good fortune it was to be present.

THE TOASTMASTER'S OPENING REMARKS.

To begin these exercises properly upon this day our hearts should overleap the boundaries of municipality and State and pay the tribute of loyal devotion to our common country, its glorious institutions, and its government. To increase, if possible, the fervor of the tribute, I will ask the Secretary, Mr. F. G. Harris, whose executive ability, unceasing energy, hearty devotion and inquenchable enthusiasm have made a large measure of to-day's success, to read a letter which he has received from President Arthur, and also letters from Senators Anthony and Aldrich, Representatives Chace and Spooner, and our nation's historian, the venerable George Bancroft.

The Secretary read as follows:

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S REPLY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, June 26, 1884.

My Dear Sir:—

The President has received your favor of the 23d instant with inclosure extending to him, on behalf of the Committee having the matter in charge, an invitation to be present at the contemplated Re-Union, on the Fourth of July next, of the Sons and Daughters of Newport.

It would give the President much pleasure to visit Newport at the time named, and to participate in the festivities of this interesting occasion, but he regrets that his official engagements will deny him that privilege.

Expressing the President's thanks for the courtesy of the invitation, and his best wishes for the success of the gathering, I am

Very truly yours,

FRED. J. PHILLIPS, *Private Secretary.*

FRANK G. HARRIS, Esq., Secretary, etc.

SENATOR ANTHONY'S RESPONSE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 19, 1884.

My Dear Sir:—

I have yours of the 13th, conveying the kind invitation for me to participate in the Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport, and have been trying to persuade myself ever since that I could accept the same; but I am forced to the conclusion that I must deny myself the pleasure of taking part in so interesting an occasion.

A century and a half ago, Newport was the chief seat of polite society in America; its matchless harbor was crowded with shipping; it was an important naval rendezvous of the mother country; it rivalled New York in commerce. Wealth and foreign intercourse brought a degree of culture and refinement hardly known in the other colonies. "Townsend's Tavern," its principal hostelry, was renowned throughout the North American Continent and the West Indies. In its great chamber, the Governor of the State, when not a resident of Newport, has slept on Election night, for an hundred successive years. I well remember the burly form and honest, massive face of the last landlord of the name—I believe he was the last, though he may have had a successor. It was especially famous for its tautog, which was cooked in its kitchen with marvellous excellency. It used to be said that when the traveller rode up to its hospitable door, the servant who took his bridle while he dismounted, would say, "will you have it biled or briled?" I fear that your modern French cookery has spoiled the tautog; and with all the new-fangled sauces and condiments, displacing the simple melted butter, seasoned with salt, pepper and parsley, has destroyed the honest old Rhode Island flavor of tautog, and has reduced it to the level of the sheepshead, the Spanish mackerel, the salmon, and other ordinary denizens of the deep. I look forward to the time when the unequalled facilities of your harbor for a naval station and for commercial purposes shall be appreciated and employed; when its wharves shall again be crowded with foreign shipping, and piled high with the products of every clime; when the flag of our country shall float from the masts of a score of public vessels anchored in the waters that spread before the ancient capital of the State and lave the feet of the fair queen of the Narragansett; and, thus, uniting trade and commerce and the naval service to the attractions of nature, and

the homes of comfort and luxury to the warehouses of traffic, the City shall more than resume her former commercial importance, and enter upon a new career of prosperity and greatness.

With great respect,

I am, yours faithfully,

H. B. ANTHONY.

FRANK G. HARRIS, Esq., Secretary.

FROM SENATOR ALDRICH.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, June 30, 1884.

Dear Sir:—

I have delayed responding to your very kind invitation in behalf of the Committee on the Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport for the Fourth of July proximo, hoping that I might be able to accept. The probability of a final adjournment of Congress at the close of the week renders it necessary that I should remain in Washington in the discharge of my public duties at the date named.

With thanks for your kindness, and best wishes for the success of your Re-Union,

I am, very truly yours,

NELSON W. ALDRICH.

MR. FRANK G. HARRIS, Secretary, etc.,
Newport, R. I.

CONGRESSMAN CHACE'S ANSWER.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 14, 1884. }

FRANK G. HARRIS, Secretary, etc.

Respected Friend:—

I have thy letter of the 13th, inviting me to be present and respond to the sentiment, "Our Representatives in Congress," at your Re-Union the 14th proximo. Thanking your Association for the invitation, I am obliged to decline, as I shall not be able to be in Newport at that time.

Very sincerely,

J. CHACE.

CONGRESSMAN SPOONER'S REGRETS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18, 1884. }FRANK G. HARRIS, Esq., Secretary of Committee,
Newport.*My Dear Sir:—*

I regret that my public duties, which demand my continued presence here, prevent my acceptance of the kind invitation of your Committee, and forbid me the hope of being able to participate with my Newport friends in their Re-Union of the Fourth of July next.

With most cordial wishes for the enjoyment of the Sons and Daughters of Newport in the attractions which their ancient City so abundantly affords, and in the pleasant memories which the occasion which brings them together must revive, and with thanks to your Committee for their courteous remembrance, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

H. J. SPOONER.

HON. GEO. BANCROFT'S LETTER.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, July 3, 1884.

My Dear Sir:—

Your invitation to take an active part in the ceremonies for greeting the emigrants from this blessed Island on their visit to their old home, I could not for obvious reasons accept; but I join in the hearty welcomes with which you meet them as they return to their birthplace. They find the Island as beautiful, as fertile, and as green as when their eyes first opened upon it. Their acceptance of our invitation shows that they delight in all the memories that make of us one family.

We might seem to have a right to complain of them that by their emigration they have deserted us; but on second thought we are proud that they have gone out from among us, for wherever they dwell, they carry the principles which are their birthright, the vindication of freedom of mind, the equality of religious faith, courage, the spirit of enterprise and even of adventure on sea and on land.

the love of country, the devoted attachment to union, the affection for the whole family of man, and confidence in its constant advancement in the practice of liberty and justice.

I remain, my dear sir,

Faithfully your fellow citizen and friend,

GEO. BANCROFT.

The regular toast list was now in order, and for nearly three hours the several eminent orators held the rapt attention of the host of people present. The toasts and the replies, etc., are given herewith, and in the order in which they were delivered.



ANCIENT DAYS.

FIRST REGULAR TOAST.

Our Beloved Little State of Rhode Island—She fills but a small space on the country's map, but the deeds of her Sons in field and council fill a large space in the country's history.

REPLY OF HIS EXCELLENCY, GOVERNOR BOURN.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to be with you to-day and join in the celebration of our National Anniversary and in the Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport. You call upon me to respond for the State of Rhode Island. It is always a pleasant duty for me to respond for her and especially to-day, when I see the enthusiasm with which the people of Newport have celebrated this anniversary. It is unfortunately becoming somewhat common, especially in our larger cities, to omit public celebrations of the day, and to leave its

observance almost entirely to the children. It cannot be that we are insensible to the glorious deeds of our ancestors, or of gratitude to those who laid the foundations of our government, upon which so great a nation has arisen. Let the day for all time be celebrated by the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and by all other manifestations of joy, and let those of mature years meet together to recall the events that led to the Revolution, the trials and hardships our fathers endured during eight years of warfare, and the momentous consequences that have resulted from our separation from England. So shall the love of our country be kept alive and perpetuated. Our children shall receive it from us, and transmit it unimpaired to posterity. I had always been taught to believe that the destruction of the British sloop of war *Gaspee*, by citizens of Providence, was the first overt act of war against the mother country. But I find that years before that time, in July 1764, the garrison of Fort George, at Newport, by command of two magistrates fired upon the British vessel of war *St. John*. What the consequences of this attack were history does not relate, but we learn enough to know that at that early period the people of Newport were alive to their rights, and were willing to defend them at the mouth of the cannon. We cannot fully realize the earnestness with which the Colonists entered upon the war of the Revolution. A long series of disputes with England over questions in which they took a vital interest had forced them to take common ground and united action in the defence of their rights. We may form a faint idea of their spirit when we recall the fact, that the day after the news of the battle of Lexington was received in Providence, a thousand well-armed men started for the scene of battle. When we consider that the population of the colony was less than 60,000; that there were no means of communication between the different towns, other than private conveyances; that the people of the State were comparatively poor, and were dependent on Europe for their arms, ammunition, and, in fact, for almost every article of comfort and necessity except the products of the soil, it indicates that a most decided and determined spirit pervaded the whole people, and that they lived in constant readiness for any emergency of war. Could we to-day, with our thickly settled population, with all our wealth and resources, with railroads and telegraphs at our command, muster and march a thousand men at a shorter notice? In all the conflicts and hardships of the Revolution, from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, our State bore its full share. We remember with pride that we contributed to the army one who, in

military skill, in statesmanship and in his devoted patriotism, was second only to Washington himself, who by his skillful generalship saved our armies in the South and in whom Washington at all times placed the most implicit confidence—General Nathaniel Greene.

As we suffered with our sister colonies in all the defeats, in all the trials, in all the privations of the Revolution, so we claim our full share in all its glories.

The changes that have taken place since our separation from the mother country have been indeed marvellous. From a few colonists thinly scattered over a narrow strip of country extending from Maine to Georgia, we have grown to be a nation of more than imperial dimensions, larger and more powerful than Rome in the height of her glory. Alexander or Caesar never dreamed of so vast an empire. We cannot realize, we cannot imagine, the effect upon the destinies of the world of planting on this continent so large and powerful a nation of free, active, intelligent and industrious men. Nor have we made less progress in the sciences, in the arts or in manufactures than in numbers or extent of territory. As we review the progress of the past, the mind fills with wonder and instinctively asks what will be accomplished during the hundred years to come? We claim to have given to the world railroads, steamboats, the cotton-gin, the power-loom, the sewing machine and the rapid printing press; inventions that have changed the entire course of thought and action of the civilized world. Will the next hundred years produce an equal advance? We almost tremble at the thought that a proportionate advance is possible.

This land promises to be a gathering of the nations. From every land, from every clime, there is pouring in upon us an ever-increasing tide of immigration. Shall we go on increasing in power and prosperity, or will the nation split into fragments, each part warring with the other? What will be the tie that can bind together in one harmonious whole the multitudes that may gather here? I answer, love of country, fostered by laws bearing with equal justice toward all. Let the citizens of Rhode Island do all within their power to instill into the minds of their children a love of their country above all other earthly things, and especially to keep alive the great lessons taught us by the Revolution, by the enthusiastic celebration of this anniversary.

SECOND REGULAR TOAST.

The Judiciary of Rhode Island—The grand traditions of the elders are nobly sustained by their successors.

CHIEF JUSTICE DURFEE'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President:—

I confess that I have experienced some solicitude since I learned that you were going to call on me to answer for the judiciary, to know how I could bring the judiciary into any suitable relation to an occasion of festivity, and I confess that hitherto I have pondered the problem in vain. It did occur to me that perhaps the judiciary might be used, as it is said a skeleton was used at ancient feasts, to give a finer flavor to enjoyment by the suggestion of its opposite; but the thought is evidently too far-fetched to be accepted. It also occurred to me that in the old Colonial time, for more than eighty years, from 1663 to 1747, the highest Court of the State held its sessions exclusively at Newport, and litigants from all quarters, willing or unwilling, had to come flocking here for their semi-annual supplies of justice, and that, inasmuch as our Supreme Court is the successor of the earlier tribunal, it might be expected of me, on an occasion when so many fresher and more fragrant memories spontaneously suggest themselves, that I would revive the curious forensic history of that primitive period. But the thought is inadmissible; for who would care to regale himself on the mouldy crumbs of antiquarianism at so brilliant a festival as this? And then a thought occurred to me, which, I confess, rather alarmed me, for it occurred to me, that the man who should undertake to answer for the judiciary might have a good deal to answer for. My friend, the late Judge Potter, used to say in regard to one part of our jurisdiction, that the judge who granted a divorce was pretty sure to make at least two people happy and possibly four. But such a profusion of felicity is not the usual result of a judicial decision. Generally a judge cannot gratify one party without disappointing the other, and since disappointment is far keener and more durable than delight, I am afraid that if I had to answer for the judiciary to my friends who have lost, as well as to those who have won their causes, I might find myself in a very sorry business, most unmeet for the day. I am sure you do not want to engage me in it. Another thought, however, has come to me, which, if not appropriate, is at least, it seems to me, not inappropriate to this or any time. The judiciary is the balance wheel in the mechanism of the State. Its action, noiseless but incessant, keeps the other parts in harmony. It is destitute of the pomp and trappings which captivate the many, but nevertheless it is the most beneficent of civil forces, for not only does it maintain the supremacy of the State and enforce

the law between party and party, but continually out of the common facts of private controversy, out of the selfish strife and struggle and tedious travail of litigation, it educes the general rules and maxims of order and justice and freedom and property, which are the very bulwarks and stepping-stones of civilization. The measure of its influence is to be sought not so much in the positive good which it accomplishes, however great that may be, as in the possible evil which it prevents. Abolish it and you convert the State at once into a pandemonium of unruly and ravenous passions. The Sons and Daughters of Newport owe it to the judiciary that they can meet here to-day in freedom and security. And therefore I venture to bespeak for it their reverential regard. The judges may be, indeed they needs must be, fallible and faulty men; but the institution is always august and venerable, for always in it the law, which is the formulated conscience of the State, finds its most vital and efficacious embodiment.

Mr. President—I have said enough to the Sons and Daughters of Newport about the judiciary. I want to say a word more, however, for I want to congratulate them on their festival. I am not a son of Newport, but I can understand with what pride and pleasure the native Newporter, elsewhere residing, returns to this happy home of his childhood, to this charming City by the sea. I can imagine with what delight he wanders through its quaint and storied streets, remembering its eventful history, or recalling its romantic traditions of by-gone beauty and chivalry. I can follow him in fancy from place to place, along the ways where Berkeley mused, and Channing meditated, and Perry fed his young heart on heroic dreams, still onward, through that newer Newport so lavishly adorned by modern wealth and fashion, to the beetling Cliffs, from which he can behold the blending beauty of sea and sky and listen to the mysterious music of the billows. Fortunate the man or the woman whose youth has been spent among such scenes, and doubly fortunate they, who, revisiting them to-day, can here revive their former associations, and, participating in this pleasant Re-Union, refresh themselves anew at the old fountains of feeling and affection.

THIRD REGULAR TOAST.

Brown University—The worthy crown of our educational institutions. She inspires to better methods and higher aims in our schools, and offers the rewards of her treasures of learning.

PRESIDENT ROBINSON'S SPEECH.

This occasion has been announced, I believe, as a Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport. Brown University, or Rhode Island College, as it was first christened, was certainly born at Newport, and is, therefore, one of the daughters of your beautiful City. But she was sent immediately at her birth to be nursed under the rural skies of the neighboring town of Warren. When four years of age, the question was raised: shall she be brought home to be trained, or sent elsewhere? it was no easy question for the godfathers of the child to answer. Long and eagerly did they discuss it. Faint echoes of their eager words still linger. It was two hundred and eighty pounds—not pounds avoirdupois, but pounds sterling—that turned the scale. Newport was willing to stake £4000 to start the child in life, and Providence was ready to stake £4280, and this Newport child was taken forth to be reared to womanhood and to become the fair mother of children at Providence. And now, one hundred and fifteen years after the memorable discussion referred to, when she was taken away at the tender age of four, Rhode Island College, re-christened Brown University, comes back, for the first time, so far as I know, to rejoice and to greet and be greeted in the place of her birth.

The time and the place of the birth of the Rhode Island College are both of them note-worthy. Observe the time. About thirty-three years had elapsed since the famous Dean Berkeley left Newport to return to England. For nearly three years the Dean had been here diligently incubating his idea, and a queer one it was, of establishing a great college, a sort of Dublin University, at the island of Bermuda, one of a cluster of little low-lying islands out in the Atlantic Ocean more than six hundred miles from the nearest point on our coast. But a college or a university was Berkeley's one absorbing thought. Doubtless it was a frequent subject of remark in the Philosophical Society which he was instrumental in founding in this old town of Newport. When, therefore, James Manning, the first President of the College, landing at Newport, proposed the idea of a Rhode Island College, the leading citizens of Newport were all ready to entertain it and give it practical form. To the unconscious influence of Berkeley was doubtless due the readiness with which the project of a college was first received. It is with honest pride that Yale College preserves the generous tokens of the noble Dean's good will, and with not less reasoning Brown University cherishes his memory.

for his good influence, however unintentional it may have been, in preparing the way for itself to come into being.

But the place of the birth of Brown University is no less worthy of note than the time. Rhode Island was the sole civilized spot on earth where perfect religious freedom then had existence. There at that time was not a college in America at which religious and ecclesiastical tests were not applied to both students and professors. The founders of the College of Rhode Island were men who were not content to be merely tolerated by any body or anywhere. They demanded as an inalienable right given of God that conscience in all matters of religion should be absolutely free. That right Rhode Island had proclaimed to all the world, and was then maintaining and was resolved to maintain at any hazard. A recognition of that right was distinctly wrought into the College charter and in any act and year of the College has been most scrupulously maintained.

It was a novel state of society that met Berkeley's eye when he landed here some hundred and fifty years ago, and it is an amusing picture that he gives in one of his letters of what he saw. Specimens of every species of religious idiosyncracy then known among men had congregated here, and yet all were living in relations the most neighborly and amicable. Practical recognition of the rights of conscience harmed nobody then, and throughout our land harms nobody now. Towards this practical recognition throughout the land Brown University has done its share of service.

But Newport entertained at the beginning, and entertains to-day, certain immediate personal relations to Brown University, and the first pupil of the college, and for more than three-quarters of a year its only pupil, was a Newport boy. That boy, for many years afterwards a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, was the Rev. William Rogers. A descendant of his founded in Brown University the Newport Rogers Professorship of Chemistry, the Rogers High School, of Newport, and also the Newport scholarship and the Rogers High School scholarship in Brown University. These are personal relations between the college and this City which we may believe would never have existed had not Brown University been one of the daughters of Newport, and they are relations which it is fitting we should remember to-day.

And the history of Brown University in the one hundred and twenty years of existence—now one of the oldest of Newport's surviving daughters—has been one of which no son of Newport need be

ashamed. For the record of her sons in the councils of the nation there need be no blushing. The record of her sons—of her living sons—in our foremost institutions of learning, Andover, Princeton, Yale and Harvard, in the courts and the pulpits of the country, tells its own story.

Brown University cannot boast so large a family as some of her sisters in the neighboring States. But it is not always the largest households, you know, that are the best bred. Brown is an anxious and a prudent mother. She cares much more about the character than the number of her sons. She will tolerate no idlers among them, and the vicious, when found incorrigible, she casts out. Her doors stand ever open that the worthy may enter, but she cares to receive and to retain none who cannot go out from her better fitted for the duties of life than when they enter.

FOURTH REGULAR TOAST.

The Early History of Rhode Island—We owe a debt of gratitude to the earnest devotion and loving care which has rescued so much of it from threatened oblivion.

HON. WM. P. SHEFFIELD'S RESPONSE.

If the importance of a State is to be determined by the acres embraced within its territory, or even by the number of its people, Rhode Island is entitled to but little consideration. But if association with historical events which tend to ameliorate the condition of the human family, and the achievements of its inhabitants go to make up the character and standing of a State, Rhode Island has a right to claim a place abreast of the foremost States of ancient or modern times.

Henry VIII revolted against the See of Rome because the latter would not grant him an unjust divorce from Catharine of Arragon, and not because of any corruption of the Church of Rome. The King of England then set himself up to be Pope in his own empire. Edward VI more coveted the title of "defender of the faith" than any of his royalties. The masculine Elizabeth had her Parliament make revolt against the Church treason to the State. Christianity was but a minor element in the ambitious contentions of the time about creeds. The Puritans revolted against the corruptions of the Church, but, unhappily, retained the idea of State control of the religion of the people; against this control the founders of Rhode Island protested.

Ann Hutchinson, the wife of William Hutchinson, a daughter of the Rev. John Mowbray, of London, and a grandniece of John Dryden, the poet, resided in Boston. She was a woman of intellectual vigor, of clear perceptions of theological distinctions, and of strong personal attractions. She had conceived that the Rev. John Cotton preached more strongly a covenant of grace than did the other ministers of Massachusetts, and evidently she more favored the idea that salvation was to be obtained by grace than by works: that men were to be judged by what they were, rather than by what they did: by their motives for action rather than by their acts. For the expression of this belief she was tried, condemned and exiled. Her brother-in-law, John Wheelwright, who had been the classmate in college of Oliver Cromwell, had espoused the dogmas of Mrs. Hutchinson, and he had been censured. Men in Boston protested against the injustice of the sentence and the censure, and the protestants were exiled, and some of them became the founders of Rhode Island. Here these men abandoned the practices of all the past, rolled back the tide of tradition, and boldly struck for the freedom of the soul from the control of the State: for the emancipation of mind and thought from the civil law. In this they earned the gratitude and approval of the human race, and anticipated the favorable judgment of the world.

The early settlers of Rhode Island were no less the founders of civil than of religious liberty. The founders of Rhode Island left Massachusetts under the condemnation of unjust judgments, and the anathemas of Massachusetts pulpits followed them into exile. Cromwell, when he came into power, applauded the conduct of the Colony which had driven our fathers out of Massachusetts. In Massachusetts they had a royal Governor, and no man could vote who had not been admitted to the Church.

In Rhode Island, under the charter of 1643, they resolved that their government was Democratical, and capitalized every letter in the word to give emphasis to their expression, and they defined the term to mean that "it was in the power of the body of the freemen orderly assembled, or the major part of them, to make or constitute just laws by which they would be regulated, and to depute from among themselves such ministers as should see them faithfully executed between man and man."

It is not too much to say that the body of laws framed under this charter in 1647, were, at the time they were adopted, far in advance of any code of civil laws then in force in Christendom.

I have recently read a letter, written in 1659 by one of the early settlers of this Colony to the Governor of Massachusetts, appealing to him to save the life of his wife, which, the copyist says, after the lapse of two centuries is yet stained with the husband's tears. This letter suggests some of the trials of the pioneer settlers of this Island, and has awakened in me an increased interest in their history.

The virtues are taught in a Spartan school; coarse fare and hard usage are necessary to the highest development of character. The founders of Rhode Island learned to practice self-reliance, and the love of liberty under the iron rule which controlled English non-conformists, and in the hard school of colonial Massachusetts. The cropping of ears, the three-cord flagellations, the imprisonment, the chains and punishments to which they were subjected, and the subsequent hanging of one of their number, were each a part of the hard discipline to which they were subjected, and out of which they evolved their ideas of the equality of men, and the equality of what is now known as civil rights.

It was not Massachusetts alone that thus aided our fathers in developing the great principles of human liberty and individual responsibility, but the colonies of Plymouth and Connecticut each contributed in kind their share to this great result.

The Puritans and Pilgrims, the schoolmasters of the settlers of Rhode Island, were pioneers in the cause of human liberty up to the settlement of the Rhode Island colony. They stood in the foreground of the civilization of the age in which they lived, but they lived and walked in the dim light of the dawn of another age, and fought valiantly in defence of their own rights, and fought as valiantly to suppress the rights of others. And when the great idea of the equality of the rights of men in the forum of conscience and law burst upon them, its effect was so overpowering that they became possessed with the belief that they were its discoverers, and their descendants in a large measure hold to this fallacy. Notably they hold up the Boston tea party, and refer to Lexington and Concord as initial points in the American Revolution, and appear never to have heard of the destruction of the Liberty and the Gaspee, and of taking of forty cannons from Fort George in the harbor of Newport from under the guns of the King's ships, by order of the Legislature of Rhode Island, for the defence of the rights of the people of the Colony against the power of the British Crown, five months before April 19, 1775.

The settlers of Rhode Island had scarcely plowed their first field when they began to prepare pipe staves to be sent to the West Indies. Commerce, thus began, expanded until its canvas whitened every sea, and its commodities embraced the products of every clime; a commerce which they eventually offered up as a sacrifice upon the altar of their country. Their descendants followed the fortunes of their countrymen over the American possessions to take part in every battlefield, and shared with them the toil, hardships, and sufferings of every campaign. In science, art, and useful industry, they have kept pace with other peoples. Claggett, Waterhouse, Feke, Stuart, Malbone, Allstone and Stagg, representatives of science and the arts, Admirals Wager and the two Brentons were given to the British navy, and Fones and Perry to our own navy, for the character of Perry was formed in Newport, though he was born elsewhere. Hopkins, Stiles, Channing, and Brooks were identified with Newport and here did much for the philosophy and literature of their country.

Now, it remains for the present and future generations, with their increased advantages, to see that no shame comes to the past, to do their part to carry forward the work of civilization and advancement of the human race in the foreground of the march of nations and states towards a perfect felicity.

The following poetic contribution from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, welcoming back the Sons and Daughters, was then read by the Secretary:

A SONG FOR NEWPORT'S FESTIVAL, JULY 4, 1884.

Our city's the fairest,
Our city's the dearest,
Enthroned by the sapphire-blue sea;
She whispers, "Come hither!"
We answer, "Yes, mither,
We hasten, sweet mother, to thee."

Like the tramp of a column,
The billows so solemn
Their phalanx unfold on her sand;
She holds the smooth beaches
And soft sylvan reaches
In calm, with the touch of her hand.

The days are well over
When pirate and rover
Were mentioned in whispers of fear;

A squadron more splendid
Then ever attended
Their venturous ways, anchors here,

The bright flags are floating,
The gay crews are boating,
The silver sail swells at the mast:
To one rhythmic measure
Of magical pleasure,
The winds and the waters dance past.

Oh! you who are fretted,
Neglected or petted
In fashion, or business, or school,
Come, weather-worn legion,
From many a region
Of heat, to the home of the cool.

Her children may wander,
But dearer and fonder
To them grows her haven of rest,
Where, with dutiful greeting,
And thanks for this meeting,
We'll name her the brightest and best.

FIFTH REGULAR TOAST.

Our Returned Children from New York—We feel prouder of the great Empire State because they are a part of its greatness and glory.

REPLY BY MR. PHILANDER SHAW, OF BROOKLYN.

Mr. Toastmaster, and Ladies and Gentlemen:—I rise to speak to the toast which has just been proposed, with mingled feelings of honor and diffidence; of honor, at being chosen spokesman for the elder sons of the Rhode Island delegation from New York and Brooklyn; of diffidence, because I am unequal to do justice to this august and interesting occasion.

But you will scarcely expect me to do much more, which I did not feel at liberty to decline to do under the circumstances, than to give expression for those in whose behalf I speak, as also for myself, to our gratitude for your courteous and cordial reception and entertainment—but who would expect anything less in Newport?

Without becoming egotistical, allow me to say that I feel as one of the elder Sons of Rhode Island who have left their native place—that an absence of all but fifty years has not lessened my regard, nor abated my interest in it and its prosperity.

That instinct of the human heart which attaches one so strongly to

one's native place, an instinct peculiarly human, is strongly illustrated, I venture to think, in Newport, and in its citizens, who have gone forth to other places to push their fortunes, and to take part in the struggles and the success of business life: and I am happy to say that as far as my observation has extended the sons of Newport, who are scattered all over the country, but more particularly in our large business centres, have reflected honor on their native City, many of them occupying distinguished and important positions in some of our largest banking, insurance, railroad, and other corporations of a professional, financial, and mercantile character, some of whom you will have the pleasure of listening to during the course of these exercises. Newport has numbered with her sons, also, some others, who, though not to the manor born, sought the beauties of this place for a temporary residence. From the many illustrious ornaments of the various professions, let me name Hopkins, Stiles, Channing, and Berkeley in divinity; and I must not forget the lamented poet-preacher, the late Charles T. Brooks, who was the poet of the Re-Union of 1859; Ellery, Hunter, Robbins, and Pearce in statesmanship; Hazard, Randolph, and others in law; Oliver H. Perry, in the navy, and of Lake Erie renown; Malbone, King, Allston, and, in later years, Staigg, in art; of ever blessed memory, the late Dr. David King, who took such a deep interest in the Re-Union festivities twenty-five years ago, and the late venerable Dr. Cotton, in medicine and surgery; Channing, Gibbs, Touro, Lopez, Northam, and hundreds of others in mercantile life.

The present generation of Newport's sons have delighted to return to do their native City honor, and are proud to be honored by her. I need not attempt to discuss the importance—commercial, literary, or social—of Newport in the earlier days of our country, nor speak of her unique position. There are those who will follow me, who will probably do that better and more fully than can I. But certainly among the many attractions and advantages of the past and the present, physical, material, and social, I ought not to forget to notice what has always been a notable charm of the place. I mean its refined and elegant society—its cultivated and charming women. I might, with some degree of pride, refer to the progress and improvements which have marked Newport's history within the last score of years, but to do so would lead me into taxing your time and patience too far, and therefore I conclude with renewed acknowledgments of our sincere appreciation of your kindness and courteous attentions,

and our best wishes for the prosperity and advancement of our dearly loved native City.

ADDRESS BY MR. W. G. PECKHAM, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Schoolmates and Sweethearts:—

I was deputed to express the sentiments of the younger delegates from New York. Did they not themselves tell you their sentiments, better than I can, on many occasions when you and they were schoolmates and sweethearts? They still feel the same way they told you of formerly, ladies. Nothing that has passed has made any change in their real feelings.

Mr. Chairman, when Prince Charlie led his clans to Edinboro town, over the red heather and the moor, the bag-pipes screamed the tune, "The King has come to his own again." Thanks to your royal welcome, something of that tune is playing in every heart to-day. We of New York bring you Eastons, Turners, Lawtons, Bulls, Van Zandts, and Coddingtons, Governors, heretofore, of this colony; Perrys, Thurstons, Finches, Engses, Coggeshalls, Hammetts, Shaws, and Hazards.

We have here with us, primeval Puritans, quaint Quakers, solid yeoman stock, such substitutes for Princes as were ever in this principality. To your music they are all marching home to their own again. They are Old Port and you are Newport. Old Port is all over the world. Its children are wanderers, for here we have no continuing city. One searches all history for a like, and finds a parallel only in the wandering from Troy and the Holy Land, and if you please, from Ireland.

Since the great wars left Newport dismantled, and commerce failed, our youth have had to seek fortunes in strange places. "Exiled by fate," they have been driven out as was the amiable Aeneas with Anchises and the other senior relatives on their shoulders, and the young Juliiuses in their arms, and the Palladium in their hearts.

As the son of Israel in his synagogue yonder turns him every Sabbath towards Jerusalem, so be sure that your wanderers, early and late, bend their heads and their hearts toward the Palestine of childhood, and say, as solemnly as Judge Ward says it on the balcony, on 'Lection Day, "God save the State of Rhode Island!" What wanderers they become! You meet them, as I have met some who are here, on the Cascine at Florence, on the old John Balch in Ha-

vana, where Captain Ben. Melville gave us a great dinner, in Peru, and in Ultima Thule.

Two gentlemen, now with the saints, we trust, once met, at the fish market here, on a spring morning. "Christopher," said one, "how runs that inscription on the gates at Thebes?" And then they had a disputation on the book authorities, and bought their lobsters, and Mr. Townsend said he would set his friend right on that. Summer came and went with its fashion and aimlessness. In September they met again at Lawton's on Long Wharf. "Ah ha, Brooks," said the wanderer with a purpose, "I have been to Thebes, and looked that up, and I was right." Mr. Townsend had added to his usual summer trip for silks, a sally through Lower Egypt, after the manner of Lord Wolseley. The only loot he sought was spoils of time, and a bloodless victory over scholar Brooks. But always your wanderers are like the Spanish gallant who only loved Madrid, but had to live at Segoria:—

His body lay in Segoria:

His soul was in Madrid.

Mr. Chairman, in the ancient timber I tell you of, in the good names represented in our delegation to-day, there was sound old stock. There are those who combine a dozen of those strains in one person. Never mind the fact that Newport furnishes New York with its bankers and merchants. We have had comrades of a higher quality than what people bow to on yon avenue. From the time the youth "began to ride out" as Chaucer says, "they learned to loven chevalrie." Let old men tell you of Perry and Greene. Tell your boys, too, of Cottrell and Wheaton King and Hazard Stevens, your schoolmates: how when the torpedo struck his monitor in the storming of Mobile, Lieutenant Gardie Cottrell led his men to their places below deck and reported to his commander: "We are at our station, sir." And Farragut took our second Perry from the waters after the ship sank and brought him back to life and kept him by him till peace came. Tell how Hazard Stevens, suspended from our college because of just such a lark as he is carrying on over there at this moment with the Boston delegation, became the youngest general in the great army and received glorious wounds at Chancellorsville beside a dying father and another relative who died on that field, and gained the immortality in Sheridan's raid that is set down in his General's despatch to Lincoln.

When the Hazards take a coat-of-arms, as I have suspected they will, for his sake and his father's sake, they may put on it "Hazard

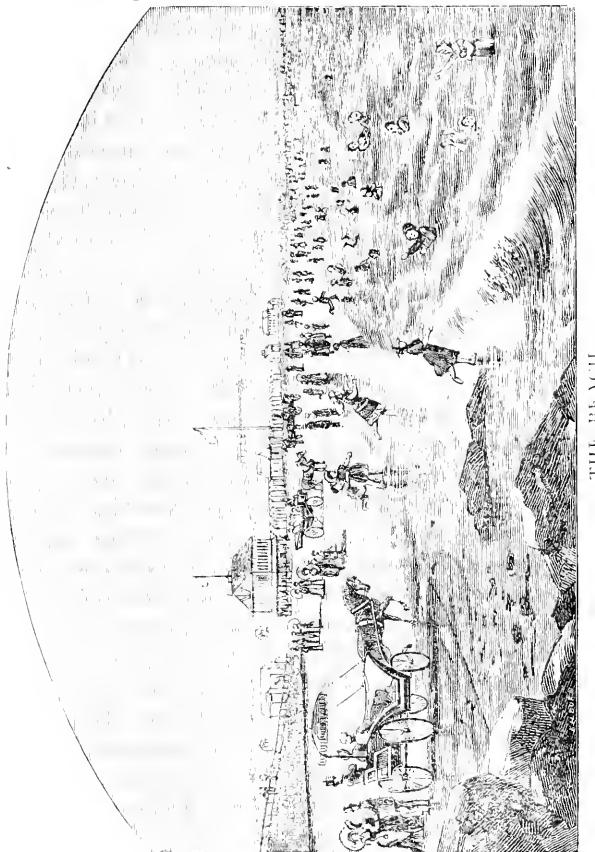
all for Native Land." Let the Historical Society record these names and those of your brave comrades of the First Rhode Island, Mr. Chairman, beside the names of men of epochs when brave men were not as common as they were among our schoolmates. This narrow Island has been rich in original and strong characters. In school days somebody likened it to the mythical far away Island of the Blest, and in boyish fancy wrote:—

They tell of Islands of the Blest
Below the setting sun:
Beyond the restless seas a rest,
When honored death is won.

We think it true, the legend sweet,
That spirits there may come,
And young again together meet,
Again in Island Home.

You entertain us well, Mr. Chairman, but the Boston street boy told the ladies who provided cakes and chicken sandwiches and ice cream and lemonade, that to his mind, no picnic was a picnic without molasses and, above all, baked beans. Let us suggest something for the next re-union. Please substitute for the distinguished citizens who received us so kindly, a committee that will make us boys again. Appoint a committee that has not the fault of growing old. Give us back General John Joe and George Boss and Dan Barnum and African Richard and Jeremy Locke, the ever young friends of this delegation, and Miss Sukey Stratton and Miss Betsey Coddington and Miss Polly Tilley, paragons of female sweetness in our memory. Enact a law that we may on arrival, conformably to the statutes and good morals, bathe our souls again, no more in Castalia, but in the cove and in the shipyard, where Gardie Cottrell swam with us, and in the classic creek beyond the beach, and let us be clad again only in our youth. Bring us not old wine, but place casks of Porto Rico on the dock, with sticks instead of beakers. That was nectar, and shall be our balm of youth. Then come, you eminent divines, and physicians of the body also, and weary barristers, and fathers of the town, come wade with us again for lilies and sweet flags in the pond out of the window there. And as the evening falls join with us in another game of "lee storks" and "hare and hounds" around the Island. All this is only left for our children, more is the pity. The day is falling the other way for us. But when life is a tale that is told and love is a tune that is played, still our children's children will laugh back to the waves on the beaches, still the dark sea storms will

ride down upon the earth and as from the beginning the sun again will brighten these pleasant lands and waters.



The Toastmaster in presenting the next speaker, spoke pleasantly of sitting in the morning under the trees on the Parade planted by a good man, Governor Lawton, whom he well remembered. He said he had no doubt but what it would give pleasure to all present to welcome a representative of that old and respected name, and he therefore called upon Mr. Francis Lawton, of New York.

MR. LAWTON'S REMARKS.

It is with deep feeling that I address, after so long a residence in other scenes, a Newport audience; an audience of people of this City endeared to me by so many remembrances of good and honored

men, such as he of whom your Chairman has so kindly spoken. I had intended to be but an observer to-day, but now cannot resist the disposition to speak face to face with the many old friends I see around me, and also to greet many others, sons and daughters of parents whom I once knew, and whose children I would also wish to hail as friends.

I heard one man tell another not long since, that his mother was a nice woman. "I hope so," was the reply, "she is the only one I ever had and I must make the best of her." So it is of a birthplace and childhood's home: be it what and where it may, there is no place like it. And our home is certainly a beautiful one, hallowed too by pleasantest memories. There are no homes like those of our old New England towns. I was pleased to learn not long since that John Howard Payne, who wrote that famous song, "Home Sweet Home," which I have been expecting every speaker to mention, grew up in a pleasant village on the east end of Long Island, in a green island home, sea washed like our own—and where it is stated many old New England families had settled. There, as a child, in the beautiful scenes and among the kind hearted people of our coast, he imbibed those ideals of home which when he uttered them in simple rhyme captivated the world.

To such sweet homes as he knew many of us return to-day, some to find a welcome as pleasant as any memory can recall; others, alas! to sadly visit homes where the hearthstones are cold.

The poet says,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Newport is not humble, for in the old days as in the new our beautiful Island was sought by the children of men. Here before the white men came the great chiefs of the Narragansett set up their throne and presided on Tammany Hill; and when Roger Williams, the first speculator in Newport real estate, came down and bought the whole Island for ten coats, twenty hoes, and a string of wampum, and started house lots at two shillings each, the white settlers came and bought them. And the old town began to grow, and, as the centuries passed over it, grew on and became famous. And now, when house lots sell for sometimes a hundred thousand dollars, Newport is the name for gayety and pleasure all over the world, and our old town has become the great summer resort of the nation, whither come prosperous and gay visitors from all the world.

But the first owners were the Pokanokets under Ousamequin. Then by political methods it passed to the original sachem of Tammany, and finally to the white men. Tammany forsook his seat at

Miantonomi Hill, went to New York, took possession of Manhattan Island, and to-day the Tammany braves are on the way to Washington to capture the central wigwam of the nation. I am surprised that no one has mentioned Roger Williams. You are well aware that the roots of a tree spread over his skeleton, even to the ends of his finger bones. So Roger himself has spread over and penetrated the uttermost parts of Rhode Island history.

We find our old City much changed and changed for the better. Some of us, no doubt, would like to find it as we left it twenty years ago—not because things were better then, but just for the old times' sakes. But it grows less and less the quiet old Puritan town and more and more the splendid watering place.

Newport is changing and will change. Innovation has brought improvements, and it is to be hoped that the evil of narrow mindedness, charged in the old times against Newport, may be eradicated, and that the energetic and liberal policy of the City government may be supported by the people, so that our beautiful Island in the future may proceed untrammelled by ancient prejudice, and realize what Garfield called the true American ideal, the greatest good to the greatest number.

SIXTH REGULAR TOAST.

Our Sons and Daughters from Boston—They illustrate the nobility, virtue and grace which they acquired in their early home, and thereby, perhaps, retain the centre of the universe where Dr. Holmes discovered it.

RESPONSE BY REV. SOLON BUSH, OF BOSTON.

Mr. President :—

It gives me pleasure to respond in behalf of Newport's Sons and Daughters from and near Boston. We come to this family festival at the invitation of our mother, and, as loving children, would lay at her feet the tribute of our gratitude for what she is and what she has done for us. Looking into each other's faces and joining in the festivities of this banquet, we would blend memory and hope. Recalling the past, we now bring before us the early influences with which we were surrounded, and are grateful for the sacred recollections that cluster around our Newport hearthstones. Boston, Mr. President, is proud of her preëminence as the metropolis of New England. Her adopted sons from Newport share in this pride, and have helped her in her prosperity. The delegation which are here to-day represent almost every calling in life, and have done their best toward the

growth and prosperity of the city of their adoption. Here Mr. Bush made a sketch of the way in which the members of the delegation did this, and mentioned by name those present who were representatives of the various callings and professions. He then passed to some reminiscences of Newport when he was a boy, which was the period of transition between the old Newport of colonial times and the new Newport of to-day. He recalled the brilliant features of social life and intellectual culture which marked the earlier period, making allusions to Washington Allston, who, though not a native, received his early education from Mr. Rogers at Newport, also of Malbone, of whom Allston said "he had the happy faculty of delineating the character without impairing the likeness," and "that no woman lost beauty at his hands." So Gilbert Stuart whose genius as a portrait painter, though not born here, was so associated by his residence and labors as to be in reality a Newporter. Mr. Channing, he said, was born and bred in Newport. He bears witness to the influences which the beautiful scenery of his native town—"of nature's eloquence of winds and waves"—had in the formation of his character. How he was first taught in our schools, and gained knowledge through the Redwood Library, and was inspired with a love of truth by the precepts and example of Hopkins. Channing retained to the last his attachment for his native town. Newport was the joy of his heart. So, what of honor and world-wide esteem he gained through his life, labors and character, are shared alike by Boston and Newport.

So we, the Boston Sons and Daughters of Newport, while we cherish a pride in the city of our later residence, and share in her honor and prosperity, still keep alive the love of Newport. Our native town, too, is rich in her local annals. The name of James Franklin and the Newport Mercury reaches back to the early history of the American press. It was on yonder hill, overlooking the sea in its varied beauty and grandeur, that Berkeley mused and wrote his renowned work, "The Minute Philosopher." It was in the meeting house on Mill Street that Dr. Hopkins preached, of whom the poet Whittier says: "There are few instances on record of moral heroism superior to that of Samuel Hopkins."

I remember Mr. Wheaton, who in Trinity Church, so dear in its memories of olden times, served his long and faithful ministry. Some of you here to-day, who have passed the line of fifty, remember the good Parson Eddy and Mr. Gammell, and Dr. Patten. These impressed a generation by their preaching, and by their lives left the

fragrance of devoted service and sincere piety. And the well-known school teachers in our day, Mr. Tower, and Mr. Joslin and Mr. Trevett, who in time before our public schools became so efficient, labored so long and untiringly, and the lawyers, Mr. Hazard and Mr. Randolph, the latter a father of Judge Randolph—these were prominent at the bar and in public service. And the well-known physicians, Drs. King and Turner, who left representatives of their fidelity and skill in their sons, who adopted the profession of their fathers. Dr. King, after a long and successful career, died within a few years, while the junior Dr. Turner, who is present with us to-day, is still a physician in your homes.

But I must pause in my reminiscences, lest I weary your patience, though many and other names are worthy of mention, those who in the various walks of life have helped to make Newport what she is to-day, the pride and glory of her Sons and Daughters.

Mr. President, I will close by repeating the love and gratitude which the Boston Sons and Daughters feel for the place of their birth. As we come to old hearthstones and join in the various festivities of the day, we bring our heart's best love for the mother who gave us birth, and nurtured us in our childhood. Wherever we go we shall keep alive our early affections for this town. Alike with you who remain we will cherish a common interest in the luster, and share in the associations and memories of our birthplace. God bless Newport. The Boston Sons and Daughters join with both those at home and abroad in the most cordial wishes for her future prosperity.

The following poem, composed by Mrs. Clara P. Boss, of Boston, was then read by that lady.

RE-UNION OF THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF NEWPORT.
JULY 4, 1881.

A summons came in the leafy May
From our home beside the sea,
Entreating its truant children,
Wherever we might be,
To come, for a while, to our home,
Beneath the old roof-tree.

We had grown wrinkled, old and gray,
And our mother's voice forgot,
But it sounded just as lovingly
As when these years were not,
And we felt a tugging at the heart
Towards the dear old spot.

What visions flew across our thought!
We heard the sounding sea;
We felt again on our time-browned cheeks
The west wind blowing free,
And it blew the years 'twist us and home
Into eternity!

We were laughing children once again.
Treading the narrow streets;
Again we were lingering lovers
In shady lanes so sweet.
And the memory of days long dead
Made our tardy pulses beat.

Each old house bore the face of a friend
Unto our loving thought,
And ev'ry stone in the time-worn pave
A fond remembrance brought,
While the pride of man and womanhood
With childish weakness fought.

So we said:—"We'll go to our mother—
We have stayed away too long!
We'll listen again to the surf-beat,
It was our cradle song;
And we know it better, better far
Than any since-learned tongue.

We'll let its voice of infinite calm
Unto our unrest speak;
We will feel the touch of the sea-fog damp
Brushing against our cheek;
And we'll show our tender mother that
Our love has ne'er grown weak."

So we have come to that mother's arms
To have our heart-wounds kissed;
To tell to her faithful ear the tale
Of all the joys we've missed;
To keep, in this golden time of year,
Our childhood's loyal tryst.

Where are the boys by whose side we fought
In many a school-day rout?
Where are the girls by whose side we walked
When shining stars were out?
O, where are the hopes for years to come
We so fondly talked about?

In fair, green fields, where graves are made,
Beneath the summer sun,
Many we loved are lying low

With life and hope all done,
And far in the peace of the heavenly land
They've full fruition won.

Some have brought honor and deathless fame
To lay at the mother's feet;
Some have crept hither with broken lives,
Her happier sons to meet.

To all she stretches her broad-palmed hands
With equal love to greet.

The perfect arch of her summer heaven
Is bent above our head.

The velvet spring of her fragrant turf
Makes for wearied limbs a bed.

And in the ways of our childhood
Our willing feet do tread

“The kingdom of God is as a child.”
And we're nearer it to-day.

Because, like truants, we've come again
At our mother's knee to pray.

And till we enter its shining gates
We'll not forget this day!

SEVENTH REGULAR TOAST.

Our Children From New Bedford—They are always near enough to their old home to breathe their native fogs, and hence readily retain the simplicity and purity which they inhaled with their earliest breath.

The New Bedford delegation had selected as their orator the venerable Benjamin Pitman, who had reached the great age of 84 years. He came to the Re-Union, but was unable to be present at the tent. He therefor requested Mr. Thomas Coggeshall, of this City, to read the reply which he had prepared.

Mr. Coggeshall prefaced the reading of Mr. Pitman's response with a few appropriate words.

MR. THOMAS COGGESHALL'S REMARKS.

To have been honored by the preference of my excellent and life-long friend, Benjamin Pitman, to speak for him this day, demands of me to turn back a leaf of my book of life.

By an affectionate uncle and aunt, a wayward lad was taken from his home in Newport, forty-five years since, to New Bedford, there to receive educational advantages, for there was no High School

then in Newport, and the influences of a people busy in commerce and alive to progressive citizenship. Under the roof of Benjamin Pitman, two of the four years were passed. His influence was helpful in unveiling the shams of society, the value of integrity and the sure reward of intelligent industry. His son, now an upright judge of Massachusetts, the Honorable Robert Carter Pitman, was previously helpful to me. He first awakened me to the horrors of human bondage, as illustrated in our Southern States, even then prophesying the peril to the South, if an attempt were made to extend the system. From his hand I received that poem of the humane English poet, Cowper, "The Task," wherein are pictured the enormities of human slavery. His outspoken convictions in matters of liberal religion, temperance, human slavery and true citizenship, thrilled me in those days, nor have I lessened my intense regard for the father or son. Would that Judge Pitman, born in this City, were here to-day, with liquid utterance, to read his father's poem.

The Pitmans have been identified with Rhode Island, Newport particularly, from its early history, occupying exalted and honorable positions, their distinguishing characteristics being integrity, intelligence and individuality.

In this presence, where sit and stand so many residents of New Bedford, allow me to offer my profound gratitude to loving relatives, devoted friends and its citizens, for that protecting care in my youth, that better fitted me for the numerous responsibilities generously bestowed upon me by the citizens of Newport.

MR. BENJAMIN PITMAN'S RESPONSE.

Of the incidents of my life, none seemed more strange to me than that I on whose head the snows of eighty-four winters have fallen, should have been selected on behalf of the Sons and Daughters of Newport, now dwelling in your sister city of New Bedford, to respond to your most kindly greeting and words of generous welcome.

In the performance of this most unexpected and reluctantly-assumed duty, I had prepared some remarks which were, perhaps, appropriate to the occasion and respectful to my fellow citizens who had thus honored me, but having done so I remembered the admonition, "be short," so necessary to the aged and so proper to all on this occasion, and thrust them all aside, doubtless to your relief.

In lieu of any extended remarks, suffer me to give you a few simple lines—lines which I had penned a quarter of a century ago, in view of an occasion similar to the present one, but never offered. If

they ever possessed anything that is the spontaneous outburst of nature's feeling and in sympathy with the fine emotions of the heart, I trust the tide of years has not obliterated or diminished it. I offer them fresh to you, as they are fresh in my own soul this day :

A voice comes over flood and field, "come back, my children, come ;
 Come to your mother's arms again, come to your childhood's home.
 Oh, long have been the weary days since first you left my hearth :
 Come home, my children, come again, come to your place of birth.
 Long have I listened, oh, how long, to hear your steps once more,
 To hear the music of your voice, to meet you at the door :
 Long have ye left me, oh, my sons, my daughters, oh, how long !
 But I have never yet forgot your prattle and your song."

It is our mother's voice we hear, which o'er the hills and waters
 Is calling from a mother's heart to absent sons and daughters.
 We hear that gentle voice again we heard when life was young,
 The voice that mingles in our play and by our cradle sung.
 We hasten at our mother's call, where'er our path hath lain,
 To gather round her ample board, and by that hearth again
 To feel her smile upon our hearts, and catch that mild blue light
 Which, ever beaming in her eyes, first met our infant sight.
 Oh, mother, mother dear, we come ; we come, but oh, not all !
 For loved ones, dear as life, there are, who cannot hear your call ;
 They sleep on many a distant shore, on many a desert strand,
 Or mid the hills and valleys green of our loved native land.
 You sent them forth in youthful hope, and warm in beauty's glow,
 A noble bearing in their mien and manhood on their brow ;
 You'll miss them while you welcome back your children as they come,
 And tears will mingle with your smiles for many an absent one.
 We'll think of those loved absent ones, and silent tears we'll shed,
 As sad, in accents low, we speak of those, our early dead ;
 We'll not forget them where they lie, but think they, too, have come,
 To mingle as in days lang syne at their dear Island Home.

In a few brief hours, Mr. Mayor, we must part, many of us to meet no more ; the pleasant associations by which we are here surrounded, will be broken, and exist only in memory as do some of the dreams of our childhood. Before bidding you farewell, I would utter from my lips what is in my heart, the hope that

When the dreams of life are fled,
 When the wasted lamps are dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, health and fame are laid,
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There we all may meet again.

I bid you, kind sir, and all, an affectionate farewell.



LOVE LANE.

EIGHTH REGULAR TOAST.

Our Sons and Daughters from Providence—We count on their devotion to their native City, never, never to allow 'Lection to be taken from us.

MR. FREEBORN COGGESHALL'S REPLY.

In behalf of the Sons and Daughters of Providence and vicinity, I have the pleasure of responding to the generous sentiment expressed by you, sir, on this occasion. And, sir, we would ask your Mayor, the City Council, and the people of Newport, to accept of our heartfelt thanks for the very generous spirit displayed by them in inviting the Sons and Daughters of this City to partake with them of this feast. But sir, with all the pleasures of this day, there comes a sadness as we miss the familiar faces we met here twenty-five years ago, and the warm grasp of the hands that then welcomed us to our native isle. However, there is in all the world no place like Newport, and the time is soon coming when the whole Island of Rhode Island shall be the garden spot of America. Everywhere, all over the country, in every calling and profession, are Newport boys. God bless old Newport, a nursery for the whole country and the world.

The following letter was read from Mayor Doyle:

CITY OF PROVIDENCE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
CITY HALL, June 30, 1884. }

F. G. HARRIS, Secretary, etc.

Dear Sir:—

Your esteemed favor of June 13th instant, was received in due course of mail. I beg to return my thanks to the General Committee of Arrangements of the Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport to be held July 4th, proximo, for their invitation to me to be present and participate in the exercises.

It would give me great pleasure to accept the invitation of the Committee, and respond to the sentiment they have selected, but my official duty requires me to be in this City on that day, and I am therefore compelled to decline their courtesy.

Providence will send a large delegation to Newport on that occasion, for among her most respected citizens are many who take pride in being known as the "Sons and Daughters of Newport," and who will hail the opportunity to visit the "loved City-by-the-sea," on the day she has set apart for the return of her children.

They will be present to share in the joyous festivities; to renew old associations and to recall the memories of the past; to clasp again the hand of friendship; to walk once more the historic streets, and visit the old landmarks; to again renew their vows of fealty to that Newport which has ever been and always will be first in their hearts.

With my earnest wishes for a most successful celebration and Re-Union

I am, very truly yours,

THOS. A. DOYLE, Mayor.

NINTH REGULAR TOAST.

Our Absent Children—There is no audible reply; their voices are in the air, and every heart must interpret them for itself.

As being appropriate to this toast, the Secretary read the following letters. It will be observed that Governor Van Zandt refers to one of his poems, the subject of which will be recognized by every native Newporter; and as the lines will unquestionably interest every reader they are here reproduced.

NEWTON, Mass., June 30, 1884.

FRANK G. HARRIS, Esq.:—
Dear Sir:—

In reply to your courteous invitation to be one of the speakers at the festival of your Re-Union, I have to decline the honor. It is very doubtful if I shall be able to be present at all at your joyous assemblage, and if I should I have no desire to indulge in any oratory upon the occasion.

As one of the children and lovers of "Old Newport," permit me to add the prayer that the fashion and wealth of the modern City may leave incorrupt the simplicity and manliness of character, and the love of civil and religious liberty which has adorned the annals of the past, and is indigenous in the heart of every true son of her soil.

Very truly yours,
ROBERT C. PITMAN.

SPRING HOUSE,
RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., June 30, 1884. }

Dear Mr. Harris:—

I should have replied to your kind letter at an earlier date, but I have tried to comply with your request to write some words for the

Re-Union. I have been ill ever since I reached here, and am still suffering much pain and cannot, therefore, do justice to the occasion. You know how gladly I would do it if I could. Please express my best wishes for the success and happiness of all my friends at the Re-Union and for all time to come. If some of them will pleasantly recall my verses on "Polly Tilley's Shop," it will be better than anything I can write with the rheumatism turning my crank, and sulphur water running my mill.

Most truly yours,

CHARLES C. VAN ZANDT.

*POLLY TILLEY'S SHOP.

Do you remember, Tom, my boy!
 Near forty years ago,
 A frosty, star gemmed Christmas Eve—
 The ground all white with snow!
 Like shooting stars down Pelham street
 We coasted on a sled—
 You wore a dogs eared coon skin cap,
 And mine was worsted red;
 You jammed your old blue mitten down
 Your pocket, and with glee
 Showed me your tender mother's gift—
 A four pence ha'penny.
 I had three coppers old and brown,
 And so with slide and hop,
 We went through Spring street on the run
 To Polly Tilley's Shop!

Alack a day! that times should change,
 As years go coasting down,
 For Christmas Eve comes just the same
 To Newport's olden town,—
 The sweet bells ring, the children sing,
 The windows smile with light,
 And Bethlehem's diamond star is there,
 Upon the breast of night.

A boy comes dashing down the hill,
 Upon his painted sled,
 But you and I are at the foot;
 And Polly Tilley's dead!

I see it now, the little shop,—
 So queer and old and quaint,
 The iron latch, where eager hands
 Had rubbed off all the paint;
 The door, with glass in upper half,

That jarred and rang a bell;
The little counter with a rail,
That we remember well;
It was as bright as holly leaves,
And on its dainty top,
The golden candy rested sweet
In Polly Tilley's Shop!

There peppermint and sassafras
And fragrant wintergreen,
And lemon, with a tawny stripe,
Deliciously were seen;
In shallow pans of unctuous tin,
Worked with the tenderest care,
Molasses Candy's flaxen links
Gleamed like Godiva's hair.
Oh! Tom, this dizzy chase for fame
And gold, we'd better drop;
While memory points, with lingering love,
To Polly Tilley's Shop!

The little shelves were filled with bowls
Of herbs, and all the ills,
That Godfrey's Cordial left, were cured
By Dean's Rheumatic Pills;
Some huckleberries bathed in gin,
And other doctor's stuff—
With two fat Quaker colored jars
Of Scotch and yellow snuff.
A modest case, of brass knobbed drawers
"All decked in living green,"
Were labelled Nutmegs, Cloves, and Spice,
Too precious to be seen.
And when the bell began to ring,
Out Betsey Stanley'd pop,
With clean checked apron to attend
On Polly Tilley's Shop!

Perhaps a skillful hand might glean
From memory's golden sheaves,
Some fairer pictures to adorn
The pleasant winter eves;
But there is nothing left on earth
To ring on Christmas chimes—
Like the clear, crystal, silvery notes,
Of childhood's blessed times,
But Fame's long hill is very steep,
We stagger toward the top,
And every step but leave behind
Good Polly Tilley's Shop!

TENTH REGULAR TOAST.

Our Adopted Children—We cordially recognize their ability, public spirit and devotion to our common interests.

RESPONSE BY MR. L. D. DAVIS.

In accepting your invitation to speak in behalf of the adopted Sons of Newport, I understand full well that I have a large and honorable constituency. It is one of the peculiarities of the American people in their great and boundless enterprise and ambition, each for himself to go out into the world in search of fame and fortune. Only a small portion of our young men are content to occupy ancestral homes, and to follow in the footsteps of their fathers. They see the broad prairies of the West, the sunny lands of the South, the crowded marts of the busy cities, and as distance always lends enchantment, make haste to go forth and in those fresher fields, better their fortunes. And so every city and town gives and receives, and not unfrequently the exchange is from the best and most enterprising classes.

As the result of this disposition to roam abroad we celebrate the Re-Union of to-day. Newport has lost much by the departure of those to the manor born, but we all take pleasure in the evidence before us that their hearts are still with the historic town which gave them birth. They do well to come back occasionally and listen to the music of the moaning sea and watch the billows dash, as in childhood, on the rocky Cliffs; and above all gather again in the home circles where affection and friendship give their warmest greetings.

If Newport had given this great host to the outside world and received none in return, she would have been a deserted village indeed, and afforded a theme for some modern Goldsmith in drawing a picture of desolation.

As Newport has freely given so has she freely received. The places made vacant have been generously filled. Each who has come has told the story of nature's charms, of the health-giving breezes that sweep over the Island, and of the opportunities for social culture. Their coming has brought with it increased wealth and business. Not a few of our finest streets and avenues, which now constitute the chief glory of the town, were almost entirely built up by the adopted Sons and Daughters who have gathered wealth elsewhere and have come and poured it forth as a tribute to the City-by-the-sea. No other American town has such a constituency, and it is increasing every year.

It is not often that an opportunity is afforded to speak of adopted

Sons and Daughters so distinguished as those for whom I am called upon to respond. They include some of the most honored names in American annals. What a line of artists do they form. From Gilbert Stuart, who is a Son of Newport by adoption, we come down to such men as Greenough, Staigg, LaFarge, Richards, and others of scarcely less note.

Among authors we record such names as George Bancroft, Henry T. Tuckerman, George H. Calvert, Charles T. Brooks, Julia Ward Howe, T. W. Higginson, Susan Coolidge, and many besides, well known to fame.

The legal fraternity is represented by the Nestor of the Newport bar, the Honorable William P. Sheffield, the Honorable Francis Brinley, and by Messrs. Honey, Baker and Ives. To these we proudly add the names of Judge Blatchford, of the Supreme Court, Judge Curtis of Massachusetts, and William Beach Lawrence, who long dwelt among us.

The medical fraternity is equally well represented. Headed by our well known City Physician, Dr. Henry E. Turner, there is a long list of regular practitioners including most of those now in the City. To these may be added such distinguished physicians as Dr. H. R. Storer, Dr. C. Cleveland and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who make their homes here a whole or a portion of the year.

The dramatic profession is represented by two names, Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth, of themselves a sufficient tower of strength.

I need not give the names of those whose wealth has won them distinction and who, owning cottages and villas on our avenues, are liberal contributors to our charities, and whose taxes form no mean contribution to the City treasury. Hundreds of these are enrolled on our tax list, and their interest in Newport, as their adopted summer home, is manifest in many ways.

In all this Newport has a record equalled by no other city in the world. These Sons and Daughters by adoption are represented to-day by liberal contributions for this celebration, as well as being in the very first in the work of preparation, both Chairman Waters and Secretary Harris of the General Committee being among the number.

And the beauty of it all is that the feeling of a common brotherhood binds together those who are Newporters by birthright and those who are such by the exercise of their own volition. In many departments the native and the adopted Sons are so intermingled and

so unified that the distinction is not at all perceptible. One-half the Mayors of our City have been chosen from its adopted Sons, and to-day the department of public education, the Post Office, and the Custom House are in their charge. The two classes have joined hands in every good work, and with a unity of purpose and plan are pushing forward the work of progress and reform. No true lover of the town will be party to a note of discord at this point, or consent to a line of demarkation by which the one class shall be arrayed in the slightest degree against the other.

ELEVENTH REGULAR TOAST.

The Army—The history of its achievements is our just pride.

ADDRESS BY LIEUT. A. B. DYER, U. S. ARMY.

Mr. Toastmaster :—

Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. The repletion of the stomach calls for golden silence.

It has always been my ambition, since early childhood, to be a soldier; but this is the first opportunity that has ever presented itself when I have been able to follow in the footsteps of the greatest captain of the age. General Grant made use of a piece of yellow paper for the notes of a speech he once delivered; I do the same.

This anniversary of our glorious independence naturally calls to mind the subject of our Army, and it passes in rapid mental review—the struggles of that gallant band of patriots that gave to us this grand republic, the few hundred men who composed the Army for years after the close of the Revolution, slowly but surely pushing the aborigines towards the Mississippi and throwing open to the hardy frontiersman those rich prairies that are now considered a part of the east—the war of 1812—then the struggles with the Indians in Florida, when the volunteers did such effective service—the campaigns in Mexico, that now read like a romance—and finally the rebellion, when the country gave its bone and sinew, and proved itself a nation of soldiers—and now the world knows that the merchant, the farmer, the artisan, the laborer of America at once springs to arms at the rude blast of war. The regular Army is but an integral part of the Army of America; but it is a very necessary part I can assure you. I do not propose giving you all the reasons therefore; but if there be no objection I would like to print my full speech in the Congressional Record.

Pursuant to the act of January 6, 1776, of the New York Convention, there was raised in March of that year, by Alexander Hamilton,

a company of artillery. After gallant service throughout the Revolution this company under command of Captain John Doughty in June, 1781—just one hundred years ago—constituted our regular Army and I am proud to say that the same company is now one of the batteries of the regiment to which I have the honor of belonging. It is Light Battery “F” of the Fourth United States Artillery.

The Army was immediately raised to about eight hundred men, and in 1786 the Shay rebellion caused Congress to slightly increase the artillery “for service on the frontiers.” These troops did duty in the State of Massachusetts for a long time and several years elapsed before they really reached the frontiers.

In the course of a few years the Army was considerably increased and in 1792 it consisted of about 5,000 men. Two years later it was reduced to about 3,000 men. At the close of the last century the growing troubles with France caused frequent and extensive augmentations of the military force, and the various acts of Congress empowered the President to raise a force of about one hundred thousand men; this however was not actually done. The clouds of war having fortunately dispersed, the Army was reduced in 1800, and again in 1802 when it reached the meagre limit of 3,000.

The prospect of war with Great Britain in 1808 made it necessary to considerably increase the Army, and during the war, which actually commenced in 1812, many acts were passed increasing it until the authorized strength, if I remember aright, was sixty thousand, although we had hardly 35,000 men in service.

At the close of the war in 1815 the Army was reduced to 10,000 and in 1821 it was again reduced and given the organization that now forms its basis. A slight increase was made during the Florida war only to be taken away a few years later. The Mexican war, of course, largely increased the Army; but the returning peace again reduced it, and at the outbreak of the rebellion our regular Army—ten thousand men—was soon lost in the Army of America—a million men.

In 1861 the regular Army was established at 60,000; in 1869 or 1870 it was reduced to 30,000 and a few years later it was again reduced by 5,000, so that with a nation of 50,000,000 of people we have an Army of only 25,000 men. Just think of it for a moment. The United States of America (she who holds in her right hand the Island of Rhode Island, while the jeweled fingers of her left hand are dipped in the waters of the Pacific, and, her feet resting on the confines of the republic of Mexico, cools her brow in the waters of

the Arctic Ocean) has a regular Army of only 25,000 men. Why, my friends, you could not see it with a four-hundred magnifying power microscope.

The regular Army, if full, would consist of 25,000 men; but such a happy condition of affairs is impossible. The regulations say that the Officer of the Day cannot get drunk and it is therefore simply impossible for the Army, as a whole, to be full. Small as it is, it feels the bonds of brotherhood existing between it and the tax-payer, to whom it owes its existence, and it has, at the same time, the proud satisfaction of knowing that it has nobly repaid the debt.

TWELFTH REGULAR TOAST.

The Navy—Our own Sons have added the lustre of their deeds to its renown.

REPLY OF LIEUT. J. D. J. KELLEY, U. S. NAVY.

Mr. Chairman and Citizens of Newport:—

It is with a keen sense of gratitude that the Navy, through its representatives here, thanks you for the sentiment just uttered; for the service knows that this expression of your trust and confidence but reasserts the moral and material support which this sea-girt town has ever given the national marine.

A sea born and a sea descended people yourselves, you have ever, in days of peace or when perils have threatened, measured at their truest worth the duties with which the service has been entrusted; and conscious of this appreciation and encouragement we, who recall the past, have never doubted what the present would be. For that past and for this present I thank you in the Navy's name; and in that future of increased usefulness which is slowly but certainly coming we are sure of the same old helping hands, sure of the same old cheering songs.

Words but faintly measure what Newport has been to the Navy, for, from these shores, glorious now with a triumph no less grand than those of war, you have sent to it heroes, the memories of whose valor re-echo to this day; and so long as pennants flutter in the loyal breezes from the mast heads of our ships, their names and the name of this dear, old town they loved so well—shall *never die*.

THIRTEENTH REGULAR TOAST.

The Newport Volunteers—Their devotion and valor will ever be grateful memories to every true son of Newport.

THE REPLY OF REV. M. A. NOLAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Twenty-three years have passed since I was last present at a great public gathering in Newport.

The occasion, then, was the return from the war of the first Newport volunteers. And although the town is, to-day, ringing with joy and gladness at the Re-Union of her Sons and Daughters, believe me, no one of us feels so deep a thrill of pleasure as that which lightened the weary hearts of those same volunteers, three and twenty years ago.

I can well recall the day of their departure—and how solemn a day it was! Each volunteer, the centre of an anxious group—mothers and wives and sweethearts, yes and stout hearted old fathers—all tearfully anxious for the dear ones who were embarking on an enterprise from which they might never return. One hundred strong we sailed out into the Bay, only one hundred, but with us on that day, went forth one hundred thousand good wishes from the hearts we left behind.

Of what happened while we were away, it becomes me not to speak—that the records of the time can well attest. Suffice it for me to say, that on our return Newport was proud to welcome her boys home again.

Mr. Chairman, when I ask myself how it came to pass, that I, a Minister of Peace, should have been selected to respond to this seemingly war-like sentiment, I can only account for it by the belief that the Committee wished so to express their conviction that the whole war was waged only in the interests of peace.

It was not a war of conquest, neither was it a war to further the ambition of any man. From the beginning of the republic, brothers had debated and discussed a question of truth and right—a question of justice and humanity. The time had come when that question must be settled forever.

That done, the armies dissolved and the men scattered to their homes throughout the nation.

Behold here the triumph of peace! Once more enthroned in the land, she changed the stern soldier into the gentle citizen, and at once set about effacing the ravages of war. There is no grander page in history, than the record of that transformation. Yesterday a million of soldiers—to-day a million of workers! The trade of war was transient; peace the business of life.

In the judge on the bench, in the lawyer pleading for justice before the courts, in the physician at the bedside of the dying, in the preacher in his pulpit, you must seek the leaders who yesterday stood in the vanguard of the nation's armies.

The sound of the carpenter's hammer and the blacksmith's anvil replace as if by enchantment the noise of the fife and drum.

The work accomplished—the routine of life was calmly resumed. Such a scene as this the world had never witnessed. Never does this come home to one so forcibly, as when travelling through the countries of the old world, he is impressed with the military character which pervades. You are made to feel that they deem a man first a soldier, then a citizen, and your thought goes back with pride to the dear land beyond the sea where a man is a citizen first and always.

That particular question, then, which called out the Newport volunteers was at rest forever. But the great cause of truth and justice, right and humanity remained to be fought out in other ways in the great battle-field of the world. And I am sure that some of my old comrades have found with me, that at times it is a braver thing to face life than to face death.

I do not mean that it is an easy thing to stand up true and steadfast while the guns of the enemy are belching forth fire directly at you—far from it—but then you have the excitement of the day—the help of heroic example all around you, the cheering encouragement of your leaders—while the battle of life is almost always fought out in silence and alone.

Therefore I hold that the man, who after twenty or more years, reappears among the comrades of youth, having withstood the temptations and assaults of vice and error, having kept himself uncontaminated of the world, having held his name and honor so unsullied that his native town is proud to hail him as her son, that man has won a victory of greater merit than was ever won by soldier with his sword.

It may, then, be permitted me to say to the younger generation of the Sons and Daughters of Newport—think not that the volunteers of twenty years ago accomplished all: they did their duty, yours lies before you—there is need of all and there is room for all. Peckham and Harrington stood side by side on the morning of the first battle of the war, representing different races and different creeds: they fought with equal bravery in the same cause, and those of us

who saw them in the evening lying dead side by side knew that they had fallen with equal merit on the field of honor.

So we ask you to enroll your names and enlist for the true and the right and enlist for the whole war. Then the older men will go down to the grave happy in the knowledge that the flag is still held aloft, that the cause is triumphant, and that, at the Re-Union of twenty-five years hence, Newport will have reason to be as proud of the new, as she was in days gone by, of the old legion of her volunteers.

FOURTEENTH REGULAR TOAST.

Newport in 1859 and in 1884—The record of the quarter of a century. It has been a prosperous one for our lovely City.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Excellency, Sons and Daughters of Newport:—

From 1859 to 1884, a period of twenty-five years, a quarter of a century, almost a generation; years in Europe pregnant of events, witnessing the wars between Prussia and Denmark, Prussia and Austria, and Prussia, Hanover, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemburg and Baden against France, resulting in the re-establishment of the German and the overthrow of the French Empire; the petty principalities of Italy shattered and their fragments welded into a united kingdom; Spain changed to a republic only to return again to a monarchy; the Atlantic and other cables and the Suez Canal in successful operation, bringing together the ends of the world and revolutionizing its commerce.

On our own continent, the birth of an empire and its death in that of Maximilian.

At home a nation composed of thirty-three states, five territories and thirty-one millions of people—at peace—then, in quick succession, civil war, a race enfranchised, commerce swept from off the face of the ocean, public credit destroyed, a debt of three thousand millions of dollars created, a million and a half of men in arms. Peace again; the sight unparalleled of those soldiers returning to their homes and beating their swords into ploughshares; public credit restored, specie payments resumed, and to-day thirty-eight states, nine territories, and more than fifty-five millions of people.

Rhode Island in 1859, with a population of 175,000, had in 1880 277,000, a gain of nearly 60 per cent. Her area of 1085 square miles remains unchanged; but, I trust, your Excellency will pardon me in saying, we measure our State by her *head* and not by the foot.

I may as well confess here, that the last remark is not original but selected, for if I do not, I am sure in these days of wide reading and diffuse learning that murder will out. The thunder is stolen from Mr. Sanborn, though he does not know it. You will find it in the Newport Mercury of August 27th, 1859, on the third page, second column, pretty well down, and notwithstanding my confession I now give public notice that I still claim full ownership for its application and shall in due course demand a patent.

And now to turn to our own City and, at the same time, to return to the toast. What report of our stewardship can we make for these long years? Well, I will begin by quoting from the Newport Mercury of August 27th, 1859, where, in an account of the Re-Union festivities just held, I find this sentence, "What was first seen by the returning son or daughter was almost entirely the same, with but little change for the better or the worse. It was Newport again, sure enough," and, I was about to add, her fogs, but these you have just escaped. From this evidently, those who returned the last time and are here with us again to-day, cannot require much at our hands, and I am, therefore, emboldened to make some comparisons.

In 1860 the City of Newport had 10,500 inhabitants; in 1880, 15,693, a gain of more than 50 per cent.

Between the years 1859 and 1884 the following contrasts are shown:

	1859.	1884.
Valuation Real Estate.....	\$7,040,400	\$21,227,400
Valuation Personal Estate.....	3,435,300	6,316,200
	—	—
Totals	\$10,474,700	\$27,543,600
Annual Tax Levy.....	\$48,223.24	\$280,583.26
Tax Rate on \$100	16c.	\$1.04

Putting it in another form, our taxable property has increased 162.7 per cent., and our taxes 500.4 per cent., and our tax rate 12.6 per cent.

	1859	1884
The City Debt	\$20,000	\$78,500.00
Less Sinking Fund.....		18,063.49
	—	—
Net Debt.....	20,000	\$59,536.51
Annual Interest Charge.....	1,197	4,710.00

It may be interesting also to compare the items of the tax levy for these same years:

	1859.	1884.
Public Schools.....	\$ 9,500	\$31,495
Streets and Highways.....	10,000	76,000
Watch and Police.....	4,000	21,400
Salaries	4,500	17,410
Fire Department, Engine Houses and Lots, 2nd { and 3rd Wards.....	1,500	24,000 { 17,000 }
Newport Asylum.....	4,000	4,000
Lighting Streets.....	2,300	24,000
Paupers and Vagrants.....	800	6,000
State Tax	4,419.40	35,368.26
Interest City Debt.....	1,100	5,710
Sinking Fund.....	1,000	5,000
Water Supply.....		10,000
Miscellaneous	5,875	12,200
<hr/>		
Totals	\$48,994.40	\$289,583.26

What have we to show for these so greatly increased expenditures? We can first point to our communications with the outside world not then existing, the extension of the Old Colony Railroad to Newport, the Wickford Steamboat and Railroad Company, the Jamestown Ferry, and the Narragansett Pier boat as well as, to increased facilities of travel and comfort afforded by the old lines, the Fall River and Providence Steamboat Companies. In local ways of communication the Ocean Drive and those around Easton's Point, under the Hanging Rocks, and Indian Avenue along the eastern shore of the Island, giving healthful drives with views of ocean, coast and bay.

As further progress, we can name with pride the Rogers High School; a largely increased number of school-houses; buildings for the fire department furnished with steam fire-engines; the Newport Hospital; the Redwood Library enlarged; the Townsend Free Library; the Channing Memorial Church; the introduction of water; the use of electric light; the telephone; the electric fire alarm; the Casino on Bellevue Avenue, and the shops in the immediate neighborhood; the Agricultural Society, removed to enlarged surroundings; the Charity Organization Society and a Society for the Building of Improved Tenements.

During the civil war our Government entrusted to our care the Naval Academy, which has since been returned to its old abode. She has since given a torpedo station, a training school for naval apprentices, and is now about, we understand, to locate in addition a school for naval graduates.

We at last yield tardy justice also to the past and to our naval hero,

the elder Perry, and State, City and citizens have united in a memorial to be made in enduring bronze, fashioned by the cunning and sympathetic hand of a Newport son himself of honorable lineage.

I am sure you have all noticed the greatly improved condition of the roadways, and I know of no American city that can compare to us in this respect. Still they are by no means perfect, and it will be found true economy after having made them, to keep them in thorough repair (which I am sorry to say is not done to the extent it might be) by constant mending and by sprinkling with water. You must have been struck by the great increase in the number of villas, built in all directions, the variety of their architecture and the careful attention bestowed on grass, trees and shrubs.—Among the things that were and are not, we must not forget the disappearance of the old hotels, the Touro, the Bellevue, the Fillmore and the Atlantic House. The Ocean House alone remains of the large summer abodes, gathering renewed vigor as the years go on. Villas have given Newport its pre-eminent position as a watering place and its wide-world reputation, and it will be a sorry day should any policy ever make of it a place devoted to excursions. Let us be content with our own development. “No man can serve two masters.”

FIFTEENTH REGULAR TOAST.

Our Business Interests—Though not entirely commercial, they have brought renown to our City, both at home and abroad.

HON. THOMAS COGGESHALL'S RESPONSE.

By traditions and from the historian's pen we have been taught that our City was for many years the metropolis of commerce, that out and in there went and came white-sail ships by hundreds, laden here, and bringing back merchandise from foreign lands, too often freighted with human beings from the coast of Africa. Following that, daring seamen braved the terrors of ocean, chasing the Leviathan of the deep. Later yet, even within the quarter of a century just passed, energetic and earnest men sought business to and from the islands of the West Indies. All was in vain as a permanent industry.

In manufacturing, the hum of the loom and clang of the anvil were sought to reward the risks of capital, only to be abandoned. In agriculture, the last of the three great industries, but little reward is secured to the farmer with the vast competition, yet in horticulture and floriculture our intelligent gardeners and florists challenge superiority in product and cheapness. Thus I have portrayed the fact

that business as recognized in the busy world is almost abandoned in our Island home, yet measured by good success in life, we have abundant prosperity in developing, adorning and making more beautiful this town of ours. Thanks to the benefactors Elam, Fry, Kane, Derby, Coggeshall, Freebody, Littlefield, Cranston, Townsend and others, our worthy poor are tenderly cared for; nor is our City Government ever unmindful of its duty to the needy poor. Charles Bird King generously, and William Sanford Rogers munificently, supplemented the willing acts of our City Council that education should be freely and fully given to Newport's Sons and Daughters. There are yearly sent to colleges of learning and to the business world intelligent, earnest and capable youth, ready for life's duties. Second to no city in our land is Newport in its educational privileges.

The National Government has recognized the superiority of our coast position by bringing a garrison of troops, a scientific corps of the Navy, and more recently the United States Naval Training Squadron, and that to be speedily supplemented by a Naval college.

Our avenues and streets are liberally provided for, and our arteries of communication to and from the outer world vastly increased in the score of years just passed, by a liberal and far-seeing City Council and people. Newport is to the United States as Brighton is to England. The business of entertaining the thousands that yearly seek our City for quiet and healthful recreation is as legitimate and far more lucrative than the ordinary pursuits and avenues of trade.

SIXTEENTH REGULAR TOAST.

The Clergy—The sentinels on the watch-tower of Zion; may their vigilance be abundantly rewarded.

RESPONSE BY REV. C. W. WENDTE.

It was not my good fortune, Mr. Toastmaster and friends, to have been born in Newport, and that is a sorrowful fact in my life-history which I shall have to bear with me to my grave, but I shall at least save my reputation for good taste when I inform my hearers that I arrived here as soon after my birth as possible and at a very early and tender age. Many summers in my boyhood and maturer years I spent in this dear old City-by-the-sea, so that when I was called hither as pastor of the Channing Memorial Church it seemed indeed like coming home and among friends. I can enter most heartily, therefore, into the spirit of this occasion and respond with especial pleasure to the sentiment which commemorates the character and services of the clergy of Newport. The clergy have always occupied a large and honorable place in the past history of our City.

and their influence has been a power for virtue, holiness and love. Let me remind you that it is to a clergyman that Newport owes its very existence. It was the Rev. Roger Williams, that apostle of civil liberty and religious toleration, who first directed the attention of Coddington and his associates to this fair Island, and advised him to locate here his infant colony. It was another clergyman, Bishop Berkeley, the scholar, philosopher and humanitarian, whose sojourn on the Island of Peace gave its inhabitants an impulse for learning and culture which is perpetuated to this very day, and of which the Redwood and Free Libraries, the public schools and the various scientific and literary societies among us, in behalf of which the clergy of Newport have ever deeply interested themselves, are the noble fruits. It was from his humble, faithful pastorate in this City that the learned and eloquent Dr. Stiles was called to assume the presidency of Yale College, which position he filled with such distinguished honor.

The old meeting house still stands on yonder quiet street, in which Dr. Hopkins lifted up his brave, rebuking voice against the social sins of intemperance and slavery. In the open field, near by, the magic eloquence of Whitefield won the hearts of his hearers to that new Gospel of Methodism, which since his day has become the cherished faith of millions of our people. Time would fail to enumerate the names and virtues, the eminent services to man and God of the clergy of Newport, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Christian.

But these, with few exceptions, were Newporters only by adoption. I will ask your grateful homage to a minister of the gospel, born and reared in our own City, and closely identified with its religious and social interests, but whose name and influence have gone forth into all the world as a great civilizing and inspiring force, and conferred undying lustre on his birthplace. I refer to Dr. William Ellery Channing, the eloquent preacher, the elegant writer, the earnest witness against the national sin of slavery, the friend of the laboring and impoverished classes, the transcendent moral genius of his age, whose virtues illustrate the effective power of a spiritual christianity in quickening individual and social life.

It is my humble belief that the clergy of the present day are not altogether unworthy to succeed these able and saintly men who have been named. But of this your own grateful and kindly memories must bear witness, rather than my voice. I can only pay brief but feeling tribute in closing to such ministers of the present generation as the late Rev. Dr. Barrows, whose pure, consecrated life and scholarly preaching is held in deserved honor among our citizens, to

my dear friend, and yours, the late Rev. Charles Timothy Brooks, whose unspotted, amiable, useful and devout life will be forever a fragrant memory with us, and who, at your last Re-Union, twenty-five years ago, contributed a graceful poem to the occasion. And lastly I ask your kind remembrance for the Rev. Dr. Thatcher Thayer, the scholar, orator and good citizen whose advanced years and infirmities alone prevent his attendance at our feast of cheer and good-will to-day. May the clergy of the present and the future be mindful of the worth, the high aims and devoted services of their predecessors in the pulpits of Newport, and the people's heart respond ever generously and loyally to their appeals for virtue, order, culture and religion!

Mr. Toastmaster, a certain English Bishop was once asked the proper length of a sermon. "Twenty minutes," he replied, "with a leaning to the side of mercy." You informed me, sir, that ten minutes was the portion of time allotted for my address. I trust the brevity of these remarks will show that I have remembered and bettered the instruction.

SEVENTEENTH REGULAR TOAST.

The Medical Profession—An indispensable branch of science: may the success of its members be as their assiduous devotion to its teachings deserves.

ADDRESS BY DR. H. R. STORER.

Daughters and Sons of our Beautiful City of the Sea:—

That, at the preceding Re-Union of your parents and grandparents, in 1859, the physician to respond to the toast to my profession, Dr. Usher Parsons, was, perhaps, at the time, the most distinguished representative of the medical practitioners of Rhode Island, makes my position at this moment, by the contrast, very embarrassing. Dr. Parsons had been fleet surgeon to your famous Perry, and the mere mention of his name in an assembly like this, was as sure as that of Perry, to elicit tokens of approval before he had even risen to speak. Besides, though of Providence, Dr. Parsons was practically one of yourselves, while my only title to your consideration is that of a son by adoption, and I am to most of you, even by name, but a stranger. And yet so closely are the respective States of our birth united, not merely by contiguity of soil, but by identities of history, that a pilgrim from Massachusetts Bay is soon made to feel, as of yore, that he is welcome in the Plantations of Rhode Island. We of Mas-

sachusetts sent you our Roger Williams, and though there was at the time some slight irregularity in the method of transfer, you of Rhode Island have to confess that to our mistaken perversity you owe the object of your greatest pride, the course of your whole history, and even the very existence of this Newport, which outranks so widely all other Newports under the sun.

As I have said by implication, it is not only Roger Williams, but Dr. John Clarke, the founder of Newport, for whom you are indebted to the Plymouth Colony. A friend of Anne Hutchinson, and a devout, God-fearing person, Dr. Clarke took pattern of holy St. Luke, since he was not only a good physician, but so filled with a sense of the nearness of the Divine presence, and of his own vocation to bring the sorrowing to our Saviour's feet, that he went about this town preaching the Word from the pulpit as well as at the dying bed. It was impossible for such a man to long endure, or be endured in, the then social atmosphere of Boston.

You have, however, repaid our gift by sending to us from Newport, of your own best men, Dr. Samuel Danforth, for so many years prominent in Boston, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, and, in later years, Dr. Walter Channing, one of my own preceptors, who gave the address in behalf of the returned Sons and Daughters at the former Re-Union. Both of the latter were called to fill chairs in Harvard University, of which Danforth and Channing were graduates, and Waterhouse the recipient of its honorary medical degree. Danforth became President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and they all were Fellows of Boston's most honorable guild, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Waterhouse and Channing, most fortunate of men, were identified with the two greatest improvements in medicine of modern, indeed of ancient and modern times. It was to Waterhouse that Jenner imparted his discovery of vaccination, and he was its effective first evangelist in America: while Channing, the one who practiced, he said, while his brother preached, by his masterly work upon etherization in child-birth seconded the impulse that had been given by Simpson of Edinburgh, toward annulling the physical anguish of the primal curse. All other human suffering, however intense, can be understood through the word pain, but to this supreme bitterness there has been no term applicable save agony.

Did time permit, I would further illustrate, from this perhaps unaccustomed standpoint, the early medical histories of Newport. I can do no more, however, than mention the names, already familiar

to you, of the physicians who were gathered here, themselves or their fathers, from different lands, the alumni of distant schools of science, and with varying religious and political convictions—Puritan, Friend, Huguenot and Catholic, loyalist and patriot. Clarke and Jeffries, Cranston, Ayrault and the Rodmans, the Vignerons, Noyes and Stanton, Robinson, Brett, Hunter, Moffat, Haliburton, Oliphant, Hooper, Senter, Gardner, Easton, Fletcher and Mason are all, with Danforth and Waterhouse, upon your roll of honor previous to the present century, although the two latter, by reason of the proverbial Newport longevity, were spared into the present, for a living example to our fathers, since they both, as Channing also, nearly lived to celebrate their own centennial. Danforth and Channing died at ninety, and Waterhouse at ninety-two.

Nor can I speak to you as I would of the Newport physicians of the first half of our own century, save to add their names to those of the illustrious dead who preceded them. Drs. William Turner, David King, Sr., Edmund Thomas Waring, Benjamin W. Case and Enoch Hazard were all of them, in 1812, among the founders of the State Medical Society, which has ever preserved its due proportion of the collective good reputation and honor of Rhode Island. Of my predecessor here, the chronicler of by-gone medical days and men, whom I first knew in his old age as an occasional, most welcome guest at my father's table, and subsequently met at medical gatherings in his own city, I need only say that he left a worthy monument to his own memory in the person of his son, the distinguished Providence professor, beloved by his professional contemporaries. Of the Newport physicians who were then, at the former Re-Union, in the prime of life, not one survives. Drs. James Turner, Theophilus C. Dunn, Daniel Watson, Charles Cotton—who, through his presence professionally at the battle between the Hornet and the Peacock, conferred upon Newport similar fame to that conveyed to Providence by Surgeon Parsons from Lake Erie.—David King, Samuel Wiswall Butler—all rest from their labors, but their memory is fresh in your hearts. To Drs. Dunn and King, the latter the most distinguished of your physicians in our own days, I may be permitted brief personal tribute. Shortly after entering my profession, thirty-one years ago the present month, I was admitted to membership in the American Medical Association. The delegates to the Association from Newport were then, and for many years subsequently, Drs. Dunn and King. The acquaintance thus early formed, became in the case of the latter gentleman, Dr. Dunn having deceased, an intimate

one upon my removal to Newport, and I bear testimony, as can many another physician from every portion of the country, to the favorable impression, so many years ago formed, of the medical profession of Southern Rhode Island from the dignified, courteous and attractive bearing of those gentlemen of the old school, of fine scholarship and of manners.

The toast of 1859 was to "Our Old Doctors." The old doctors of Newport at the present day consist of but three. Long may they be spared to keep each other in countenance. But time will quickly make its changes. During my own brief seven years of residence here, Dr. Sands has been taken away, Dr. Buttrick, Dr. Butler, Dr. King,

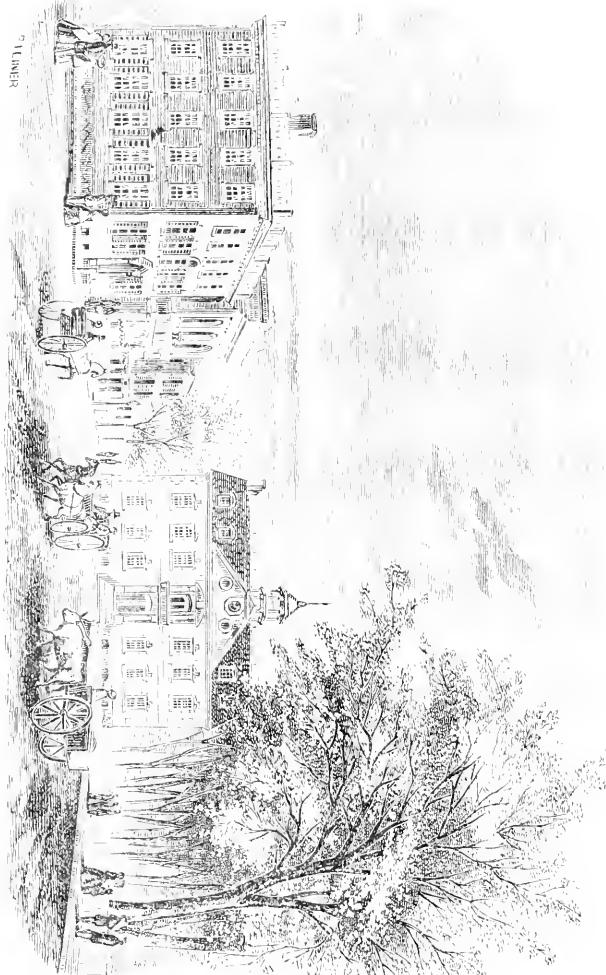
Of living physicians, I would gladly speak were it proper to do so, for you have among your middle-aged and younger men, those with whom the medical traditions of your City may safely rest.

I would do violence, however, to the feelings of his associates, of whom I am but the voice, did I not allude to the venerable practitioner, Dr. Henry E. Turner, the senior of us all, despite his still youthful appearance and ways, around whom, for his own sake and in memory of his uncle and father, whose places he fills, cluster the sympathies of so many Newport homes—the President of the Redwood Library, of the State Board of Health, and of the medical staff of the Newport Hospital. Through his absence alone have I been selected to speak to you, for he has to-day, like his beloved patron, Cincinnatus of old, left the plow in the professional furrow and hastened to where there are rumors of a war long passed, and the dust of history if not of battle, and loving cups to a glorious ancestry of whom our country may well be proud to the end of time. As one who bears in his own veins the blood upon one side of a participator in King George's famous tea party in Boston Harbor, and upon the other that which was heated in more than one revolutionary passage-at-arms upon the land, your speaker may hope, with you all, that the Fourth of July may be far distant when the Society of the Cincinnati and the Grand Army of the Republic shall have outlived the generous envy and approval of their fellow citizens.

The next Re-Union—what will be the theme of my successor, who shall speak to your children in the name of the physicians of his time? I think I can tell you, for its foreshadows have already reached ourselves. You have in your midst a model hospital, whose trustees intend that it shall become the special pride, as it is the blessing, of your City. Though supposed to be already rich, and

though it will doubtless eventually be free from anxieties in this direction, it is still, from the difficulty of realizing from its lands, embarrassed for the means to develop important measures that its managers have at heart, and it would still turn to good purpose all your offerings. Comparatively imperfect as it thus yet is in its work, it is by far the best place in Newport for the convalescence of many an invalid. And why? Simply because, in addition to proper nursing, medicine and diet, it is the one thought of all concerned in its care that the air to be breathed by these enfeebled invalids should be as pure as possible, free from every unsanitary taint, and as like as may be to the atmosphere of Newport of the old time, when Dr. John Clarke first entered it, and there were nowhere scattered, above or just beneath the soil, the products of decay, the seeds of death. Is it better to wait till your guests have to seek pure air in the hospital, or to provide it for them and yourselves, at first hand and within your homes? I shall spare you, however, all further application of the principle, now a cardinal one with the medical profession, to which I have led you. Physicians are and ever must be the guardians of the life and health of a city, its growth and vigor, as they are of those of its citizens, and precisely as the reverend clergy are the custodians of its morals. A very high standard, in the one as in the other, will produce commensurate results. Do not fail to remember that I say this to you, not from myself merely, but in behalf of the whole profession of our City. At the next quarter-centenary of her Sons and Daughters, may it be claimed that Newport has more than preserved, and through a more valid title than ever before, its right to the appreciation of all whose good opinion is worth the having.

I close with the parting sentiment of my predecessor, at the Re-Union of 1859: "The memory of distinguished physicians of Rhode Island, who have well played their part in the drama of professional life," and I add to it simply this: And especially those of Newport. Of their each successive generation, at each recurring gathering of these Sons and Daughters from whom they may have averted the approach of death, may it be said that they were more thoughtful for the good repute of their City than for themselves—that they had the courage of their convictions—that they preferred the temporary unpopularity that plain speech is so sure to bring, to the plaudits of a careless multitude, and that in the consciousness that the descendants of those for whom they labored would call them blessed, they found their reward.



EIGHTEENTH REGULAR TOAST.

The Press—Its influence is great; may it always be exerted for good.

RESPONSE BY HON. JOHN P. SANBORN.

You ask me to speak for the Press of Newport. It speaks for itself. For more than a century and a quarter of our existence as a prosperous and cultivated town and City, the Press has been an important factor in that cultivation and has aided in no mean proportions to that growth. We are often told of friends in disguise and as such the citizens of this fair Island of Rhode Island and the adjoining Plantations may well consider our neighbors across our northern border in the good old Bay State, where every faithful son is taught to believe rests the hub of the universe. They sent out from their number Roger Williams, the Quaker, to discover Rhode Island, and also established that hitherto unheard of doctrine of a perfect religious freedom. Our good puritanic friends, less than a century later, found another independent character who persisted in telling the truth, which not only astounded but offended the natives. And he, likewise, was advised to migrate. Like a sensible man that he was, he came to Newport, and in 1732 James Franklin, the elder brother of that great statesman and philosopher, having left Massachusetts because he was not permitted to publish the truth in the New England Courant, set up his printing press in this good old town. The Rhode Island Gazette—the fourth paper started in all America and the third then in existence, was the result of that banishment. Although this adventure was short lived, it makes this town the pioneer in the newspaper enterprise of the United States. Its field was large, but its circulation was limited, and it soon died a natural death. A few years later the son, James, the younger, took up the pen which the father had relinquished, and in 1758 gave to the world Newport's second newspaper, The Newport Mercury. From that day to this, Newport has not been without its paper.

The Press of Rhode Island, and of Newport in particular, has always been the great champion of liberty. It has been we believe the pioneer in every good cause, where human progress and human rights, are at stake. In the early conflict with the mother country, as in all the later contests for freedom, it spoke with no uncertain sound. More than five years before the good Capt. Davis and his little band of patriots stood by that rude bridge at Concord, "and fired the shot heard round the world," the editor of the Newport Mercury had hurled defiance in the teeth of King George by placing

at the head of his columns, the remarkable motto, "Undaunted by Tyrants we'll die or be Free,"—a motto exceeding in plainness and daring anything ever before adopted by paper or people. To Rhode Island belongs the honor of firing the first gun in the great conflict of the Revolution. The affairs of the Maidstone and the Gaspee both antedate the revolutionary proceedings of any other state or colony. Her people were also the first by legislative enactments to offer a solid opposition to the tyranny and oppression of the mother country. No little credit for this advanced patriotism is due to the firm stand taken by that brave old hero, Solomon Southwick, and his able corps of assistants.

The learned gentleman who has just preceded me has in an eloquent manner told you of the distinguished sons of Esculapius who have in former days done honor to our "City-by-the-sea" by being born within its limits, or by adopting it as their home. I might, likewise, give you a long catalogue of bright and shining lights in our profession. Their names are familiar to many of you. Southwick, Hall, Barber and Jackson were men of more than ordinary endowments, and their works show that they could wield with vigor that sometimes dangerous weapon, the editorial quill. A quarter of a century ago, when the returning Sons and Daughters graced the festive board at the first Re-Union, the moving spirit in that great celebration, then occupying the chair which you do now, Mr. Mayor, was an honored member of our profession. The position which you so ably fill to-day, Mr. Toastmaster, was likewise graced by a member of the editorial fraternity. Mayor Cranston, the President of the Re-Union of 1859, and Mayor Atkinson, the Toastmaster, will long be remembered as two of Newport's brightest editorial writers, though entirely different in the style and character of their writings.

But I will not weary you longer with the catalogue of my illustrious predecessors. When the history of this town shall be accurately written, their names will demand an important place on its roll of honor. As the Press of Newport has in the past been the great champion of liberty, of progress, and of reform, so we believe it to be to-day, and trust that in the bright future that is before us it will be found true to the great principles which it has ever so forcibly inculcated, and which are the foundation and chief support of this great nation.

NINETEENTH REGULAR TOAST.

Our Public Schools—They are the pride of the past and the hope of the future.

REPLY OF SUPERINTENDENT G. A. LITTLEFIELD.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Whenever a true American considers the theme with which I have been honored in all its vital relations to the phenomenal growth and prosperity of this country, he cannot fail to experience the most grateful emotions of honest pride in the past and of sanguine hope for the future. If this is true of Americans in general, how emphatically should it be true of every Son and Daughter of Newport, especially on this doubly patriotic occasion, when it is remembered that the two grandest features of our national life, the two essential elements of our civil government which if eliminated would leave us in disaster, namely, the free common school and American Independence were both first born, so to speak, the one upon this lovely Island and the other upon the adjacent waters of our beautiful bay.

Schools of other kinds, to be sure, had existed in the colonies before 1640, but it is believed that the first free common school was established at that time under Robert Lenthal, in this City near the Middletown line. The ominous distant rumbling of the storm of the Revolution, too, had been gradually filling the western sky for years before those first bursts of resistance which preceded the Boston Tea Party, and which occurred on the waters of Narragansett Bay. The ideas, moreover, underlying the free schools and the Fourth of July were nothing less than a divine inspiration to a whole receptive land, and, as is true throughout all history, it is difficult to locate a precise spot which may be called the birthplace of such a revelation. The meagre chroniclers of those early days, not realizing that in their efforts for schools and for freedom they were entertaining our guardian angels unawares, make but little mention of the matter, though now every community on the Atlantic coast, like the

Seven Grecian cities that strove for Homer dead,

Through which the living Homer begged his bread,
every hamlet of the original settlements is diligent and proud to point a monumental finger towards its earliest possible efforts for common schools and for political freedom.

And out of all this research it is evident that if the two American divinities, education and liberty, the only truly titled personages permitted on our shores, were asked to indicate one spot above another on this continent, where they first saw the light, though they are about to be enthroned upon granite in New York harbor as the Goddess of Liberty enlightening the world, still, if they could speak, it is evident from the records and traditions that they would claim to be simply Daughters of our own Island Home.

Let them return then to-day as our most distinguished guests on this quarter centennial occasion, and let them ever go before us as the pillar of cloud and fire inciting us to even greater deeds than have yet been attained by our proud little City. They confer on us by their presence a greater honor than we derive from all other sources, and if it is true that mind, rather than matter, alone survives the wreck of time, a fame more enduring than even the rocks upon our everlasting shores.

Aye, let them return and stimulate us to the highest endeavor in public education, for the honor of having been the first to establish free schools entails upon this City the responsibility of ever keeping them foremost in point of excellence. In the past, this responsibility has been well discharged, and, for the present, being a recent comer among you, I may modestly express my conviction, that the Newport school system, from the kindergarten in its naturalness, up to the Rogers High School in its strength, whether we consider the scholarship and fidelity of the teachers, the earnestness of the pupils, or the interest and devotion of the patrons, is one which in its development has kept full pace with the most ambitious element of the City's progress, and one of which any city might be justly proud.

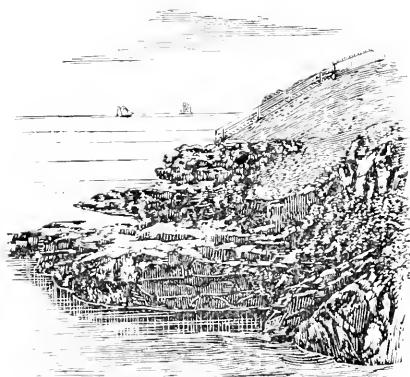
And yet if our schools are destined to maintain their foremost place in the march of progress, they must not lose step with the advancing tread of other cities. It is not safe in school affairs to follow exclusively the maxim of precedent. There is not a single department of school work that can attain the most vigorous development under a supervision actuated by the willingness sometimes expressed to me in different quarters to "let things go on as they always have gone." If the schools had already reached perfection or if they were a cemetery, such a principle might be judiciously followed, but they are not, they are a living, sacred trust to be discharged in the full blaze of all the most recent light. Their trustees must be only the soundest of men, vigilant to forbid every form of flighty experimenting, never adopting the new solely because it is new, and yet ever on the alert to embrace the first beams of all those great undoubted improvements that are now appearing at frequent intervals above the school horizon. Common schools, excellent as they are, are not yet half way up the eminence of their possible attainment. The next twenty-five years will see their present efficiency doubled in many places that are now foremost. May God grant that Newport when next she calls home her Sons and Daughters may be as justly proud, as she is to-day, of her advanced position in the possession of common schools.

The last toast had now been offered; the last response had been made. During the delivery of some of the addresses it was observed that a glistening moisture filled many an eye, while not a few of the Sons and Daughters whose grey locks told how near they were to the end of life's career could scarcely conceal the emotion which the utterances of several of the speakers produced within them. It was a solemn moment, which was passed in silence, ere the Toastmaster arose for the last time. Was there one among the still large assemblage who was not mentally asking the question, shall I be here at the next Re-Union? It is thought not.

At last the time for parting had arrived. There was an almost painful stillness as every one present listened with the most intense interest to

THE TOASTMASTER'S CLOSING WORDS.

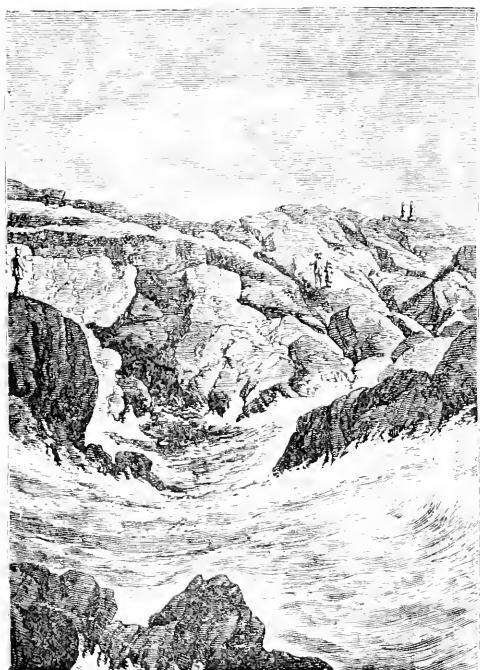
The exercises of the afternoon are now concluded, and the hour of parting has come. I trust you have heartily enjoyed the pleasant humor of reminiscent story, the tender pathos of the poetic offerings, and the stirring eloquence which old memories of Newport have evoked from the hearts of her loyal Sons. On behalf of our City I wish you a hearty Godspeed on your homeward journeys, and trust that as many as have life and health continued will meet with us at the Re-Union of twenty-five years hence.



FORTY STEPS.

CHAPTER X.

THE EVENING'S FESTIVITIES.



SPOUTING ROCK.

fore, imagining from these private illuminations that the City's programme would be carried out, stationed themselves upon yachts, wharves, and public and private buildings, and, in short, in every available spot commanding a view of the harbor. Already, despite the fog that settled over the City shortly after six o'clock, strings of colored lanterns began to disperse the gloom in all directions and gleam faintly from on high. Everywhere preparations for the most elaborate illumination and celebration were being made. The Committee were in a quandary. To omit this portion of the programme would cause a crushing disappointment, while carrying it out would entail upon the multitude, in all probability, a thorough drenching with rain.

Great, grey banks of mist, surmounted by black, ominous thunder clouds, rolled in after the tired feasters as they hurried homeward in the gathering twilight. Already in various parts of the City, gleamed, at intervals, the fiery trains of fireworks as they shot, hissing, into the air; the most brilliant displays about the Cliffs being upon the grounds of Miss C. L. Wolfe, Mr. George Peabody Wetmore, and Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn.

Thousands, there-

At seven o'clock the fog settled heavier. The Committee and spectators were in despair. But the weather prophet predicted that it would lift soon, and, true enough, at eight o'clock the moon was again visible, and the preparations for the fireworks were actively carried forward. The yachtsmen brought their fireworks up on deck, and arranged lanterns and lights, in the most picturesque way imaginable, over their graceful craft. The Committee's barge was stationed near Ferry wharf and was perpetually revealed by the continuous display of pyrotechnics that rose from its deck. Answering salutes shot in flaming paths from the wharves near at hand, and from the yachts and smaller pleasure craft darting here and there over the waters. Anon, masses of red flame would burst forth from one or another point suffusing the surroundings in a rosy glow, in which the spars, masts, and hulls of the vessels and the heavier outlines of the neighboring buildings pressed out, as it were, in bold relief against the black background. Over the fire-tipped waves streamed, also, a broad band of silvery light, that poured from the electric reflector at the Torpedo Station. Here, shining with the clear radiance of the brightest moonlight, it brought out a building in the most vivid and entrancing way from the surrounding gloom; there, a faintly discernible group of spectators seemed suddenly to spring out in the most startling way from the enveloping darkness. But grandest of all was the effect of the electricity reflected upon the surging waters as they shot in large volumes into the air, the masses of spray sparkling with a brilliancy not to be found in the most costly of gems. This upheaval of the waters of the inner harbor was caused by the torpedoes so kindly prepared and exploded under the direction of the Commandant of the Torpedo Station. The display was simply magnificent while it lasted.

Suddenly, shortly after nine, great, heavy drops came splashing down, pattering out a warning. The judicious fled to shelter: but hundreds, learning that the fireworks were only half expended, disregarded the admonition, though much to their cost, however, when a few moments later the mighty downpour came, thoroughly drenching the crowds as they

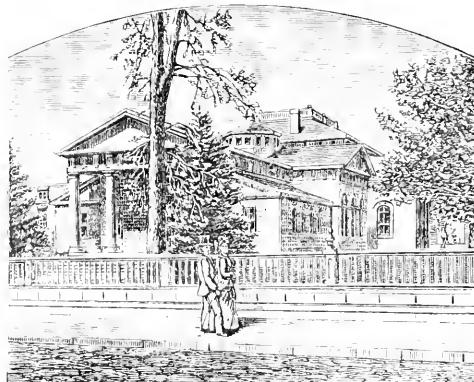
rushed helter-skelter for protection. The warehouses were crowded with wet, bedraggled, dreary and disgusted sight-seers. The steamboats at the wharves careened well-nigh to their gunwales as the passengers sought the leeward side for shelter. The electric rays, in their shifting path, still flooded the City with calm radiance, and gave a weird, fantastic appearance to the deluge, lighting up the falling drops and rising clouds of spray with rainbow hues. The lines of lanterns upon Thames Street, so strikingly beautiful in the early evening, flickered feebly, as they struggled to hold their own, dropping at last with a sputter one by one into the muddy streams below, till nothing but the supports remained.

Later, many pedestrians, in heavy wraps, dashed along the streets in the blinding rain, past the brightly illuminated windows of the shops and offices, towards the beacon lights in those of the State House. Here was exhibited a handsome flag, bearing the figures of an Indian and a sailor with those of an eagle and a shield between them, the latter with the word "*Excelsior*," loaned by Mayor Edson, of New York, to Mr. W. G. Peckham, the chairman of the delegation from that City. Without, the rain drove men apart; within, its influence brought them nearer and closer than ever before, amid congenial spirits and surroundings.

In the Representatives Chamber the Sons and Daughters from New York had arranged for a reception in honor of their Newport friends. Despite the pitiless elements two or three hundred brave hearts were gathered there to enjoy the hand-shaking and listen to the happy, apt sentences which fell from the lips of a score or more gentlemen, whom the genial Chairman of the Reception Committee, Mr. Philander Shaw, introduced in turn to the large assemblage. Quickly did memory unite the golden links that bound the present with the past: quickly did the recollection of many an aged one present flash down the long years to the spring-time of life to those possessions of the heart that can never flee or be forgotten: that neither guilt nor passion can ever blot out. Those memories of an early home, where he had frolicked away the

happy hours with their “ gay dreams, cloudless skies, visions of bliss, and glorious happiness ; ” of loving faces, “ long gone with all their smiles and tears,” that in childhood’s days beamed out from the antique windows : memories, in fact, that will reproduce for him on the verge of eternity, “ the freshness of emotion, of life and desire, with which existence on earth began.” Deeply moved by such overmastering emotions, and stirred by the evidences of fellow feeling on the part of his hearers, is it any wonder that the sentiments uttered smacked of delightful reminiscence and touching tales of “ Auld Lang Syne.”

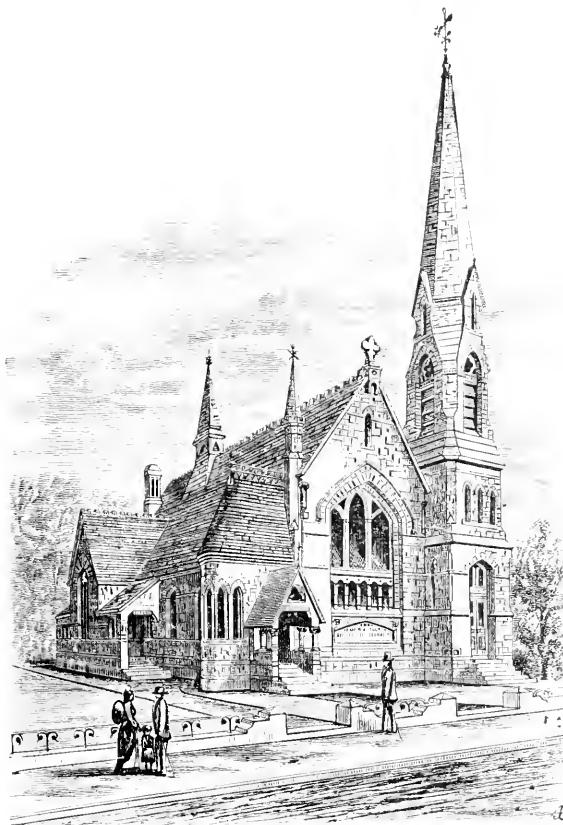
This reception, then, held by the prodigals from New York proved to be the concluding feature of the programme of exercises of the great Re-Union day. The thoughts of many present wandered away into the dim, doubtful future ; the eyes of old and young alike were suffused with sympathetic moisture as hand was extended to hand and “ good-nights ” were spoken ; the aged ones turned many a time to take what might prove to them a farewell glance at the interior of the Chamber so renowned in history’s pages, and when, finally, hosts and guests wended their way through the still fiercely driving rain to their temporary abodes and homes, there was a tinge of sadness hovering over the majority of hearts. A rather mournful ending, it might be said, to a hearty, joyful occasion : but is not the source of laughter ever very near to that of tears ?



REDWOOD LIBRARY.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER THE DAY.



CHANNING MEMORIAL CHURCH.

The glad Re-Union day, with its attendant exercises and its incidents, had passed: it belonged to history. Under ordinary circumstances the drenching rain storm with which, meteorologically, the day closed, would have dampened the ardor and rendered spiritless almost any crowd of human beings.

But the occa-

sion that brought together in Newport the vast multitude of people, on the day in question, was by no means an ordinary one: it was one that had been the outcome of the best and purest motives and the result of the most unselfish labor put forth by those concerned in it: it was an occasion that developed much joy, and that, too, without a tinge of bitterness.

Little wonder, then, need be expressed at the statement that the violence of the rain storm did not draw from those in Newport who chanced to become acquainted with its dampening effects, the usual grumblings consequent upon such temporary discomfort. There was nothing of this kind heard, but, on the contrary, despite the difficulties encountered and inconvenience experienced by pedestrians in their efforts to get from place to place, the various thoroughfares resounded with cheery sounds: indeed observation from numerous points proved that the rule was—the heavier the rain the louder the laughter. Time and time again has this fact been dwelt upon.

But, it will naturally be asked, why were these people out at all? The answer is very simple, and is, that there were hundreds upon hundreds of individuals in town who could not, for the historic price, love or money, obtain lodgings at those places, where, ordinarily, they can be had.

Fortunately the rain did not continue during the whole of the night, else not a few who were absolutely compelled to seek the friendly shelter of coal and wood sheds, or to rest upon the doorsteps of houses along the streets, would have had a still stranger experience, than proved to be theirs, to relate when they reached their homes. A more hearty, joyous conourse of visitors, under all the circumstances, could not possibly be imagined. It was evident that one and all came to Newport with a fixed purpose, namely, to participate in the pleasures which a re-union such as was had would bring forth, and to permit nothing to mar their perfect enjoyment of the day.

The general conduct of the thousands of visitors was exemplary in the extreme. When it is remembered that, for the day, the population of the City was more than doubled, the fact that there was nothing in the deportment of any one but what challenged admiration is most extraordinary. The historian of the Re-Union of 1859 concluded his story of that memorable occasion with these four really remarkable statements :

1. There was more provision prepared than even the vast company could use, and all of it good.
2. There was not an accident or disturbance.
3. There was not, so far as is known, a single pocket picked.
4. There were not any arrests, nor the necessity for any.

The people of the present generation are more active, less conservative, and, probably, not more discreet in their conduct, than those of a quarter of a century ago. Therefore the fact is even more remarkable that, with reference to the deportment of citizens and visitors, the same pleasant condition of things existed on July 4, 1884, as was experienced on August 23, 1859. Not a disturbance, no arrests and no necessity for any, no dishonest act performed! This simple fact stands as the most deeply significant feature, and will ever be treasured as a priceless memento, of a great day and a grand event.

The down-pouring of heaven's dew on the night of the Fourth, interfered, as has been stated, with the display of fireworks which had been arranged for by the Re-Union Committee. This was a source of deep regret all around, both for the Committee and the visitors, for it was desired that as many as possible should witness the blaze of glory with which the Re-Union managers intended the day should end. When, after the discharge in the harbor of a portion of the fireworks, it was evident that no gratification would be afforded by a continuation of the display, Chairman Stanhope, of the Committee on Illuminations, exercised a wise discretion in postponing the remaining part of the programme, and determined to change the scene from the lovely waters of Narragansett Bay to the delightful surroundings of Touro Park. The weather was not particularly propitious for several days, and the result was that the Re-Union festivities were not finally concluded until about the middle of the week following the great event. Then the grand pyrotechnic display, and sweet music from a couple of bands, brought to a fitting close the programme which the Committee had arranged.

A few days afterwards the attention of the Committee was

directed to a serious, yet, withal, pleasant duty, namely, that of meeting their financial obligations. The expenses of the Re-Union had been very heavy, but not so burdensome as to preclude the possibility of their being promptly met. It had been the desire of the Committee to call upon the City for nothing more than the eighteen hundred dollars which had originally been appropriated, yet, while citizens and summer residents alike had been very generous, it was found that the subscriptions were not sufficient to gratify this wish of the managers, and, therefore, it became absolutely necessary to ask the City Council for a portion of the amount provided for by the special act of the Legislature which has heretofore been referred to. The action of the Committee is indicated in the following communication presented by Mayor Franklin to the City Council:

CITY OF NEWPORT, R. I., }
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Aug. 5th, 1884. }

Gentlemen of the City Council:—

The Re-Union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport, on the Fourth of July, proved a most successful affair, and reflected credit upon the Committee having the matter in charge. I have this day received a communication from the Secretary of the General Committee, enclosing a copy of a resolution passed by said Committee, at a meeting held August 4, 1884, as follows:

“Resolved. That the City Council be respectfully requested to make an additional appropriation of Eight Hundred and Seventy-Six Dollars and Ninety-Seven Cents (\$876.97), to meet the expenses incurred by the recent Re-Union.”

From the expressions of pleasure and satisfaction that have been made by the citizens in relation to the celebration, I have no doubt they will cheerfully endorse any action you take ordering the payment of the amount.

ROB'T. S. FRANKLIN,
Mayor.

After the communication had been dealt with in the customary manner, the City Council took action upon the matter as follows:—

RESOLUTION OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

[Passed August 5, 1884.]

Resolved, That the sum of \$876.97 be and said amount is hereby appropriated and added to the amount heretofore appropriated for the Fourth of July Re-Union, making altogether \$2,676.97, and the City Treasurer is hereby authorized to pay the whole amount of said appropriation to the order of Charles T. Hopkins, Treasurer of the General Committee of Arrangements for the Re-Union.

Later on it became necessary to ask the Council for still one more appropriation, the amount of which is indicated in the following exhibit which shows the expenses of the Re-Union and how they were met.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Total expenses of the Re-Union,	\$5,686.97
The receipts were	
May 1. Appropriation by City Council,	\$1,800.00
Contributions,	3,204.50
Aug. 5. Appropriation by City Council,	876.97
Final Appropriation by City Council,	45.50
	———— \$5,686.97

The admirable manner in which the financial part of the Re-Union labors was managed by Chairman Langley and the other members of his Committee fully entitled them to the expressions of thanks which came from the members of the General Committee. In this connection, too, it should be stated that the arduous duties of the Treasurer, Alderman Hopkins, merited and gained fitting recognition from the entire Committee.

The last meeting of the Re-Union Committee was held on the evening of August 4th, when there was quite a full attendance. As the routine work was disposed of and it became apparent that the members were, in a brief time, to disperse to meet no more, officially, a feeling of sadness grew upon every one present. The Committee had been engaged in a most laudable undertaking and their efforts had been crowned with success. But they did not like to part; indeed

for quite a while the members indulged in recounting many pleasant incidents of the Re-Union day.

At last Alderman Langley arose, and, after a few well-chosen words expressive of the appreciation felt by the members of the Committee for the efforts of the Chairman and Secretary, offered the following resolution :

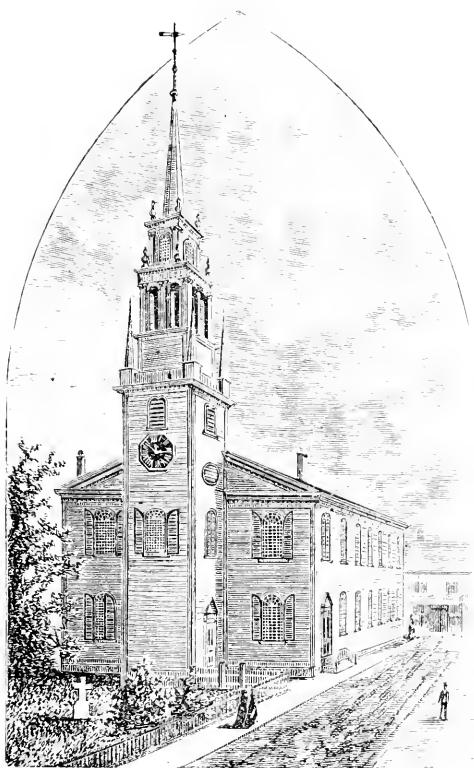
Resolved. That the best thanks of the Committee of the Re-Union of 1884, are due, and are hereby tendered, to Alderman John Waters, their Chairman, and Mr. Frank G. Harris, their Secretary, for the very efficient manner in which they have performed their respective duties in connection with the celebration so recently held here, and towards the success of which they contributed in such a marked degree.

The resolution was unanimously adopted and Chairman Waters acknowledged the courtesy, briefly but sincerely. The Secretary, in thanking the Committee for their great kindness in passing such a resolution, said that while he had labored earnestly for the success of the Re-Union, it would be most unbecoming in him to permit that meeting to be brought to an end without expressing his deep gratitude to every member of the Committee, and particularly to the gentlemen composing the Correspondence Committee with whom he had been the more frequently brought in contact, for the unvarying support they had at all times given him in his efforts to assist in bringing about a satisfactory termination of the great undertaking.

With these formalities the labors of the Committee came to an end. Nothing remained to be done but to pass a motion to adjourn and this having been accomplished the Committee of the Re-Union of 1884 adjourned *sine die*.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.



TRINITY CHURCH.

re-uniting? Why should the wanderers tarry from home another twenty-five years? Why be absent more than a decade?

All who are well along in years will admit that as youth strides into manhood and manhood totters into old age, more and more pleasing and refreshing becomes the habit of halting on life's journey and "looking backward" over its path-

While making a few closing remarks in reference to such a grand and significant event as the Re-Union of '81, there is no intention of utilizing the ample and fruitful opportunity afforded by it to

Point a moral and adorn a tale, but rather to leave this privilege to the intelligent and discriminating common-sense of each one present, and only give expression to a query that has from time to time pressed for utterance during the penning of these pages, and which is, Why let another quarter of a century slip by before again

ways—none of them, it must be confessed, too profusely strewn with the “queen of flowers.” To the septuagenarian the greater part presents but a dreary, monotonous prospect of a hard, well-fought uphill struggle for food, fame, or fortune, enlivened here and there by a good deed or a “red-letter” day; but memory, coursing back through dim, well-nigh forgotten years, rejoices in the contemplation of those bright, childhood scenes, fraught as they were with the most precious and lasting joy. Then the soul, free from care and uncontracted by toil, expanded to receive, with a truth and an intensity never again equalled, impressions of the great, throbbing life about it. These are the pictures, mellowed in coloring and softened in outline, that memory delights to retrace. Dear as these are to the aged, of far greater value, often, are they to the erring one who stops and turns sharply at the chance recollection of an early sisterly influence, of open-hearted, sincere companions, of stern, though reliable, fatherly advice, of a kind, motherly face, and, too, of the precepts and prayers learned from the gentle parent’s lips in the long ago.

Yet, pleasing as it is to dwell upon these mental scenes, how much more so is it to re-visit those that gave them existence and revive again a faint glow of that enthusiasm with which they were first observed? And here, again, is a weighty, though, perhaps, somewhat sentimental argument for more frequent re-unions. Many of those aged ones who gathered here on the last anniversary of the nation’s birth, had been absent for a quarter of a century and not a few for a half century. They sought in vain for traces of that early life, of those crooked lanes, and blooming, well-remembered fields; they found them all gone—gone forever. Many who had been prodigals but for a decade found numerous familiar features, of the Newport they used to know, spared from the ruthless innovating hand and the corroding breath of time.

Such scenes, it may be stated here, as were deemed most conspicuous and characteristic of the old City, together with several illustrating notable changes, and others, preserving

for recollection landmarks now swept away, have been given a place in these pages as suggestive of the most precious acquisitions from the recent Re-Union.

In conclusion, then, what method, more ennobling from its associations, more invigorating from the companionship of kindred spirits, more gratifying from its imparting joy to others, than a re-union of parent and child, brother and sister, and companions of youth, can there be of taking that rest, brief though it be, besought of the American people by poet, philosopher, pulpit, and press? True, it finally creates a painful void in the hearts of those remaining here, and gives greater and greater insistence to that query—which ever arises as one remembers the Re-Union wave that, sweeping about the world with ever increasing intensity, extended far over the Pacific and across the mighty Atlantic, and surged from the ocean tide of humanity for one brief moment into this little corner of the earth and then, alas! ebbed with its thousands at the next—when to meet again?



FORT DUMPLINGS.



LIME ROCK.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OFFICIAL REGISTER.

Below is given a full list of the names of those Sons and Daughters who returned to participate in the Re-Union festivities, and who registered at the several places indicated in a previous chapter.

NEW YORK CITY.

W. G. Peckham,	Richard D. Langley,
H. J. Brightman,	Miss Emily Vernon,
Sarah Taber,	John W. Gibson,
George H. Taber,	Edward H. Babcock,
A. W. Swan,	Rev. M. A. Nolan,
George T. Finch,	James Brooks,
J. P. Underwood,	Edmund White,
T. W. Sherman,	Henry Bowen Lawton,
Edward W. Gould,	Thos. D. Thompson,
E. W. Gould, Jr.,	James A. Hammond,
D. J. Gould,	A. Mahony,
A. Manton Chace,	John R. Caswell,
John G. McCormick,	Annie E. Caswell,
Frank Walker,	Lizzie H. Caswell,
P. G. Muenchinger,	Maude Caswell,
Mrs. A. M. Chace,	Mrs. Capt. John Taylor,
Willie Murphy,	M. E. Taylor,
Daniel McGowan,	Francis Lawton,
P. F. McGowan,	Thomas Cremin,
E. K. Sackett,	R. Galley,
Thomas J. Medlen,	D. C. Allen,
Mrs. E. W. Gould,	Jas. Hazard Wilson,
Mrs. Eliza R. Gould,	T. H. Hazard,
Thomas Cremin,	Helen A. Taylor,
Mrs. Charles Taylor Babcock,	T. H. Howard,

George L. Wilcox,	Elisha M. Billington,
Nathan L. Murphy,	William A. Williams,
W. T. Sherman,	Mrs. P. A. McCormick,
Samuel T. Melvill,	J. W. Downing,
Mrs. Samuel T. Melvill,	Mrs. J. W. Downing,
Miss M. Katie Melvill,	Annie L. Downing,
P. John Downing,	Wm. A. Lincoln,
Dr. H. T. Coggeshall,	Joseph Irish,
J. B. Tompkins,	Geo. H. Downing,
G. Wm. Ailman,	V. M. Olyphant,
Leander A. Peckham,	A. Peabody,
Mrs. Robert P. Glass,	Stuyvesant LeRoy, Jr.,
Robert P. Glass,	D. LeRoy Dresser,
Mrs. R. D. Langley,	Mrs. M. H. Aldrich,
Mrs. Annie Gronard,	P. Sweeney.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cornelius Wilbour,	Mrs. R. Shannon,
Clarence Vose,	Ada F. Bliss,
Mrs. W. H. Sloeum,	M. P. Mallon,
H. T. Mars,	S. J. Mallon,
T. F. McCormick,	William E. Chambers,
Frank W. Stanley,	Abby P. Lawton,
Ira N. Stanley,	Mrs. J. M. Boker,
William H. Sloeum,	Frank B. Chase, Jr.
Carrie Card,	Mrs. S. Hopkins,
Philander Shaw,	William T. Brown,
B. H. Stevens, Jr.,	Albert Draper,
Walter Nichols,	Mrs. James C. Robinson,
John P. Nichols,	Mrs. William T. Brown,
Benjamin H. Lawton,	Charles M. Bull,
Robert C. Taylor,	J. L. Northam,
Harry Bull,	Ann Trundy Stanley.

BOSTON, MASS.

John H. Swan,	J. T. Landers,
Edward H. Thurston,	Mrs. J. C. Landers,
Carrie A. Woods,	George H. Marsh,
Lizzie E. Ellis,	S. W. Bush,
P. C. Chase,	Philip B. Downing,
Hazard Stevens,	C. A. McCormick,
James Lawton,	Georgenia F. Downing,
Miss Gertrude Maude Stevens,	Henry C. Davenport,
W. B. Bryer,	Mrs. Mary Carter,
Fred H. Moore,	Grace A. Lewis,
Caroline C. Heath,	E. A. Lewis,
Walter Mott,	William B. Caswell,

Henrietta Mott,	Rebecca M. Downing,
Charles C. Carrasco,	S. C. Potter,
Mrs. Charles C. Carrasco,	Mrs. S. C. Potter,
Mrs. Henry Brown,	Mrs. S. W. Gray,
Elizabeth Hammett, East Boston,	Robert S. Covell,
Mrs. Caroline L. Fales, East Boston,	Mrs. Robert S. Covell,
C. C. Peirce,	Stephen Bowen,
Clara P. Boss,	Stephen Bowen, Jr.,
Carrie Boss Thomson,	Elizabeth M. Cottrell,
Dr. J. T. Sherman,	Mrs. E. M. Collins,
Thomas Downing,	Katherine E. Collins,
T. H. Ellis,	E. F. Shirk,
Stephen S. Ward,	Joshua Hammond,
William Cutler,	John R. Brownell,
William C. Langley, Jr.,	Rebecca E. Brownell,
Robert P. Boss,	Nannie E. Brownell,
George Clarke,	Samuel L. Decker,
Harriet C. Nowell,	Mrs. L. M. Decker,
Ethel K. Simes,	John D. Washburn,
H. B. Thayer,	S. Brown,
Arthur Hazard,	Charles Brown,
Harry R. Palmer,	Mabel L. Fairbanks,
H. M. Barker,	A. P. Fairbanks,
G. E. Ambrose,	Cordelia De Mortie,
H. G. Haney,	Irene De Mortie,
Phebe McCarty,	Louise L. J. De Mortie,
John H. Dougherty,	Olivia Ellis,
D. E. Harrington,	Lizzie S. Babcock,
Frank E. Nicolai,	Robert G. Babcock,
Mrs. E. C. Shak,	John Lynch.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Mrs. Mary S. Gould,	B. L. Burdick,
Mrs. S. Browning,	Nellie Burdick,
F. Buttondof,	Edward G. Peabody,
Mrs. F. Buttondof,	Emily R. Babcock,
Charles Sherman,	Adelaide L. Field,
Sally F. Irishy,	F. B. Babcock,
George W. Weeden,	William B. J. Menage,
W. G. Peabody,	Gilbert Deblois,
Mrs. W. G. Peabody,	Martha Deblois,
Ella Peabody,	Martha Deblois,
Ann H. Peabody,	Mary Deblois,
Lena Peabody,	Mrs. George Gibson
Florence L. Peabody,	William B. Rider,
Elisha Peckham,	Conrad C. Ellery,
F. H. Hodges,	Samuel P. Cris,
Mrs. F. M. Smith,	Annie E. Cris,

W. H. Bryer,
 Henry H. Burroughs,
 Albert Jillson,
 Edwin A. Barker,
 Mary Whittier, (Roberts)
 Henry A. Howland,
 D. L. Burden,
 Mrs. Nellie Burden,
 Mrs. C. H. Jernegan,
 G. H. Manchester,
 Mrs. M. J. Manchester,
 L. A. Barker,
 Fannie H. Barker,
 George Edward Allen,
 Mrs. George Edward Allen,
 Theodore A. Barton,
 Mrs. Annie L. (Weaver) Chase,
 Col. P. S. Chase,
 Wendall C. Hudson,
 J. Burdick Kinney,
 John E. Bowen,
 Mrs. John E. Bowen,
 Peleg Clarke,
 Mary T. Clarke,
 Hattie S. Strowbridge,
 William H. McCormick,
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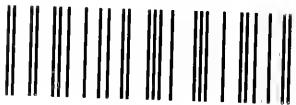
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